

NO.  
50

# PEEP COMICS

SEPT  
10¢



*Starring* ARCHIE ANDREWS!



THE SHIELD



The BLACK HOOD

AN  
**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE





# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

# SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

## BULLETIN NO. 28

### GREETINGS, G-MEN:

The meeting will now come to order. Our first business for the day is the paper salvage campaign. Knowing our members as we do, Dusty and I are sure that you're all doing your part, and more, to help save waste paper for the war effort. But, we just want you to remember that the important thing is to keep on doing it, day after day, week after week, and month after month. And if necessary, year after year—*until this war is won*. It's a small enough job Uncle Sam asks of us to help get this mess over with. And Dusty and I know we can tell our old uncle that every member of the Shield G-Man Club will back him to the limit.

Next business of the day is answering a few letters from our members. Robert Westhorn, of Mt. Clifton, N. J., writes to suggest a mystery contest for our Shield G-Man members. The idea being that we present a mystery for you G-Men to solve, prizes to be given to the winners.

Sounds like a great idea, Bob. In fact, Dusty and I were thinking of that very same idea before we got your letter. We'll go into a huddle and see what we can do about it.

I guess that about cleans up the business of the day. So long for now. And, keep writing.

*The honorary members for this month are:*

DETMAR LIGON  
435 E. 3rd Street  
Cincinnati, Ohio

MICHAEL COPPILLINO  
4002 Carpenter Avenue  
New York City

MAX GARNER  
R. R. No. 2  
New Castle, Indiana

LARRY SCHAFFTER  
374 Dwight Street  
Elgin, Illinois

ARTHUR CRAWFORD  
312 Madison Street  
New York City

JOE FARRELL  
254 Pike Street  
Cincinnati, Ohio

DONALD FELIMONIK  
6008 Tarnow  
Detroit, Michigan

THOMAS WIGGINS  
Marsteller, Pennsylvania

JOE CAMP  
Talladega, Alabama

CHARLES TAYLOR  
620 S. Main Street  
Henderson, Kentucky

*Sincerely  
Joe Higgins*

### USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

**Joe Higgins**  
**Room 603**  
**241 Church St.**  
**New York City**

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
IN THREE COLORS  
RED—WHITE—BLUE

NAME.....

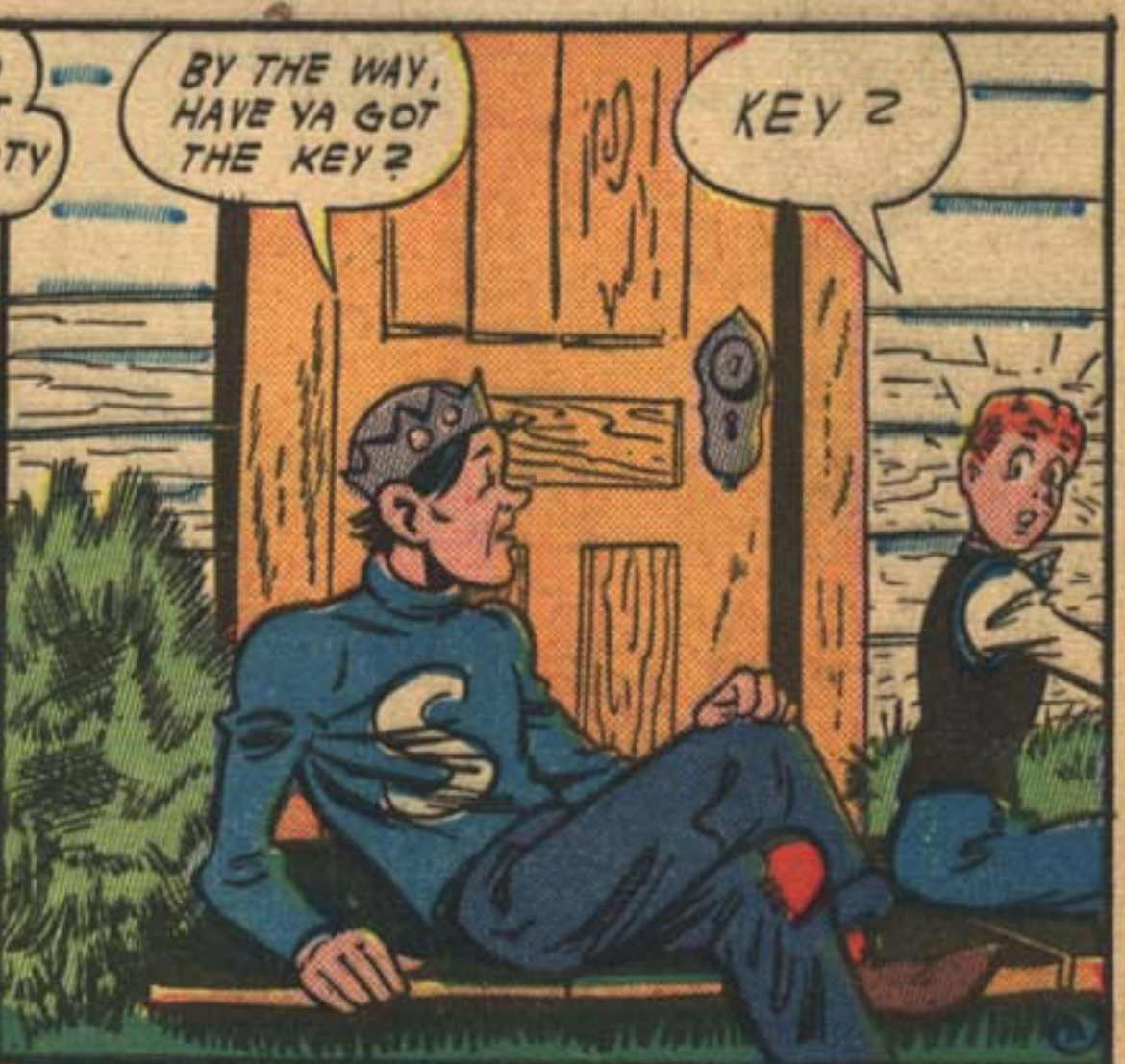
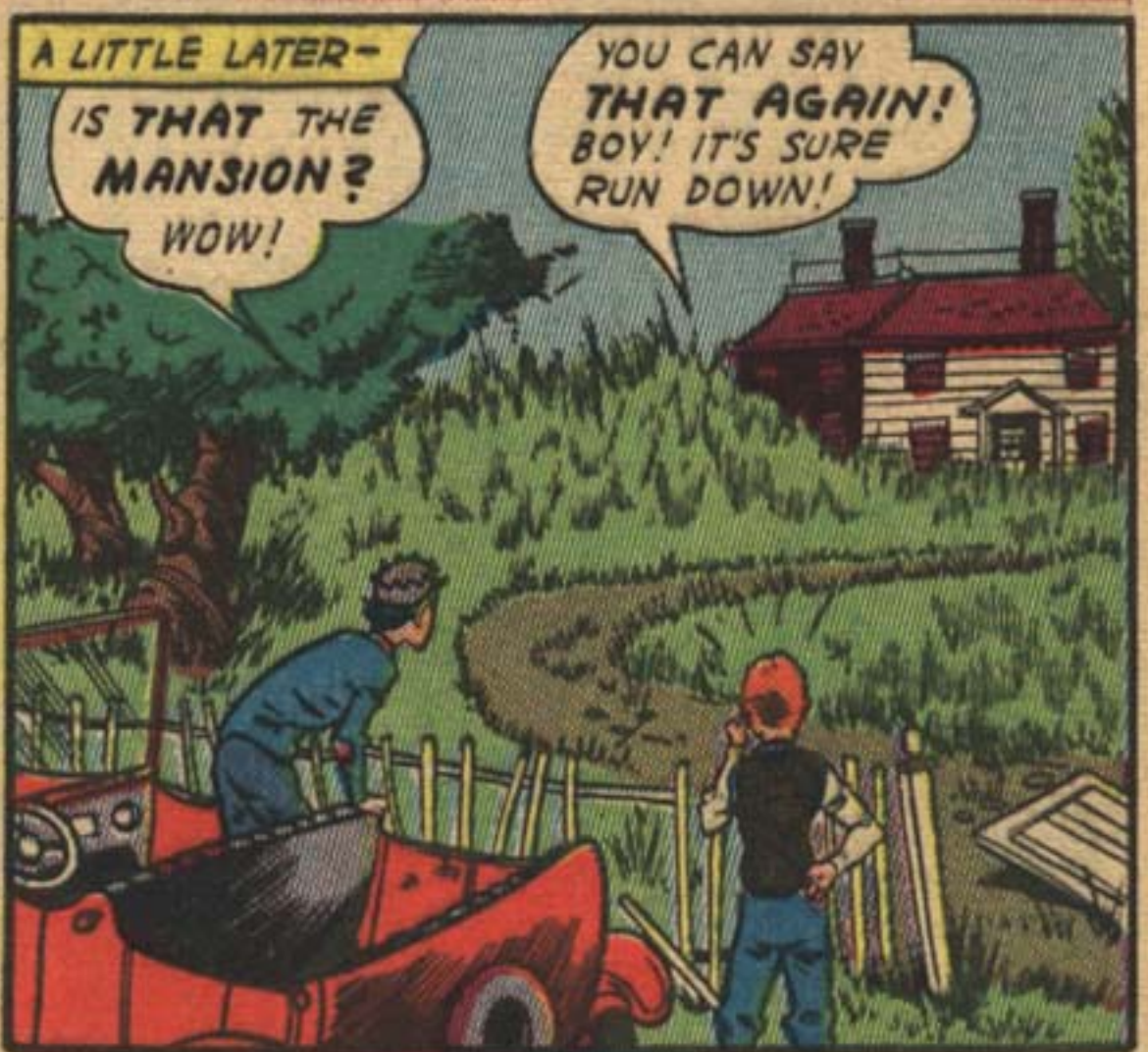
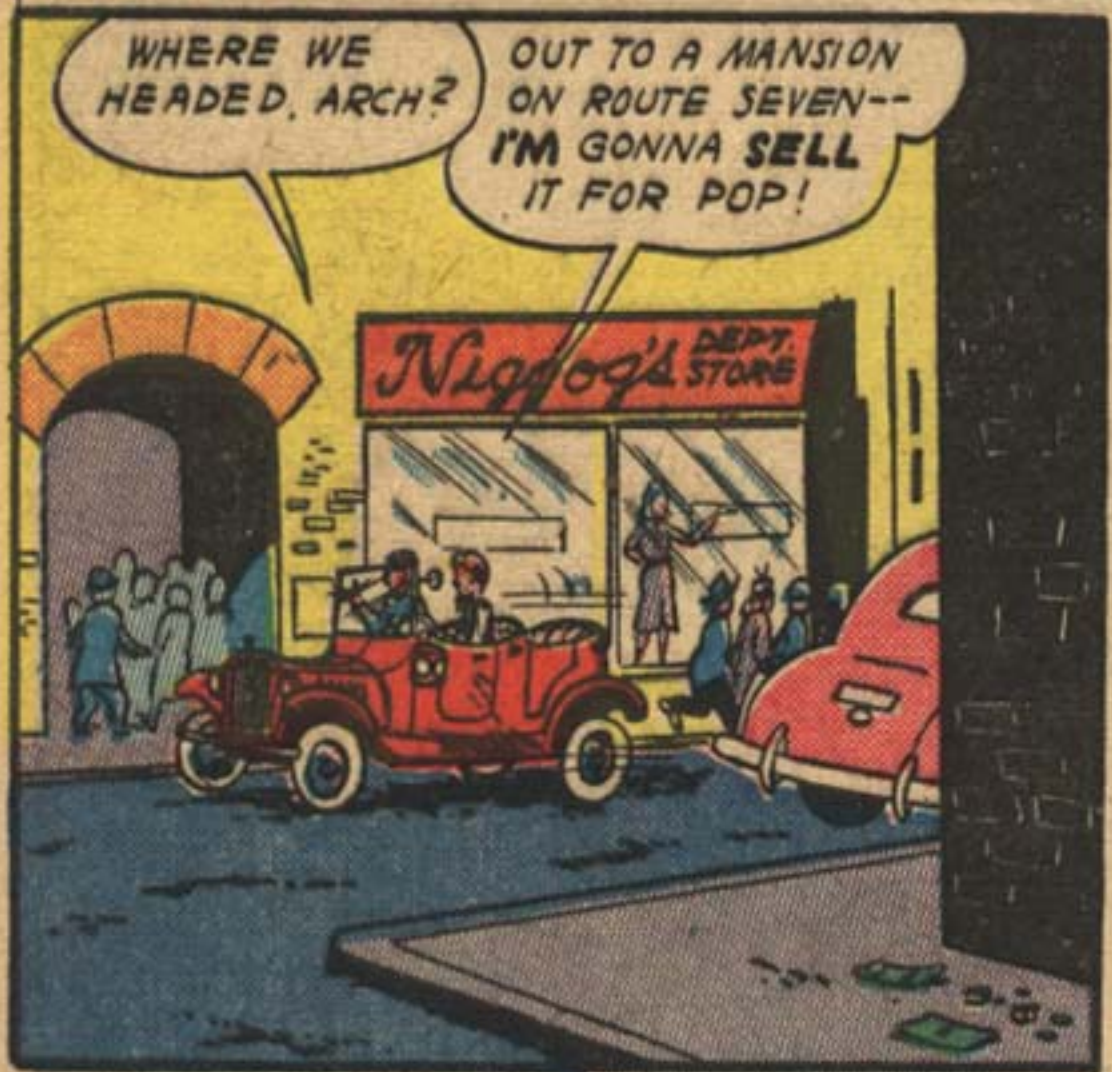
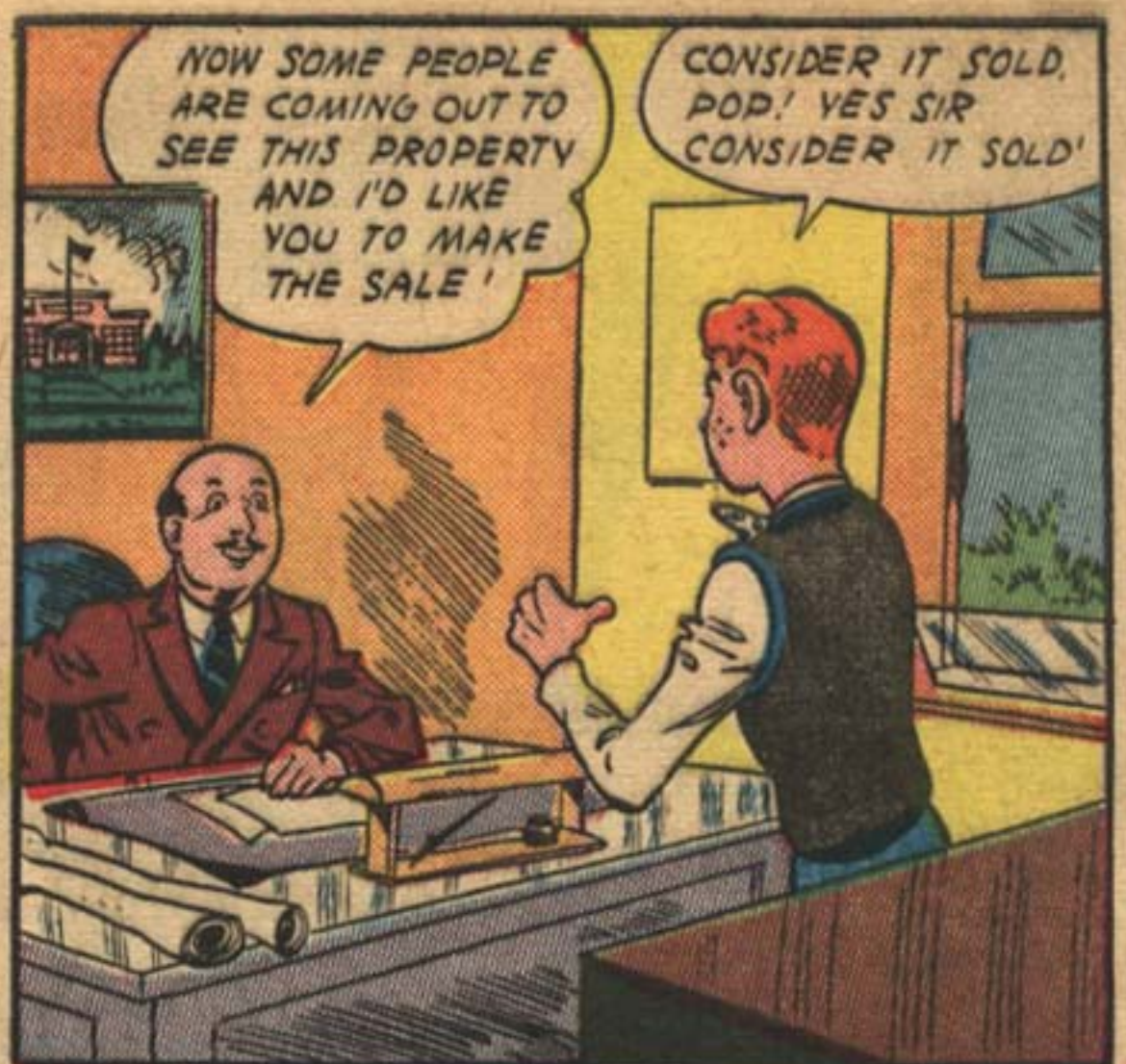
ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

# Archie



HARRY SHORTEN—EDITOR



KEY--HMM--  
WHAT DO YOU KNOW?  
I FORGOT IT!

MAYBE WE  
COULD BREAK  
IN TH' DOOR!



WHAT!  
AND  
DAMAGE THE  
PROPERTY!

ARE YOU KIDDIN' ?  
ANYTHING YOU DO TO  
THIS DUMP IS BOUND  
TO BE AN IMPROVEMENT!



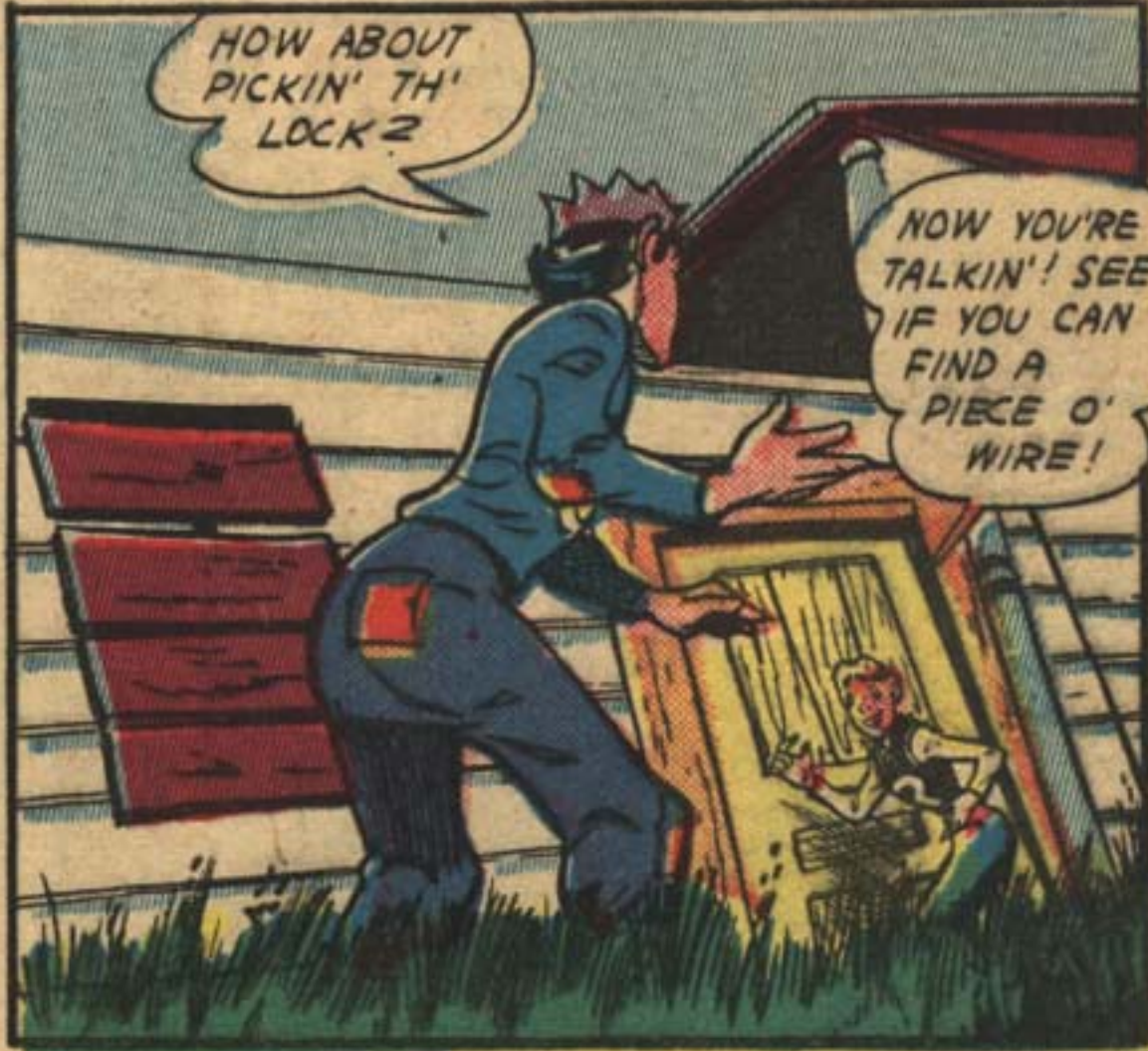
TRY TH'  
WINDOWS,  
THAT MIGHT  
HELP!

S'NO USE  
THEY'RE  
NAILED  
SHUT!



HOW ABOUT  
PICKIN' TH'  
LOCK ?

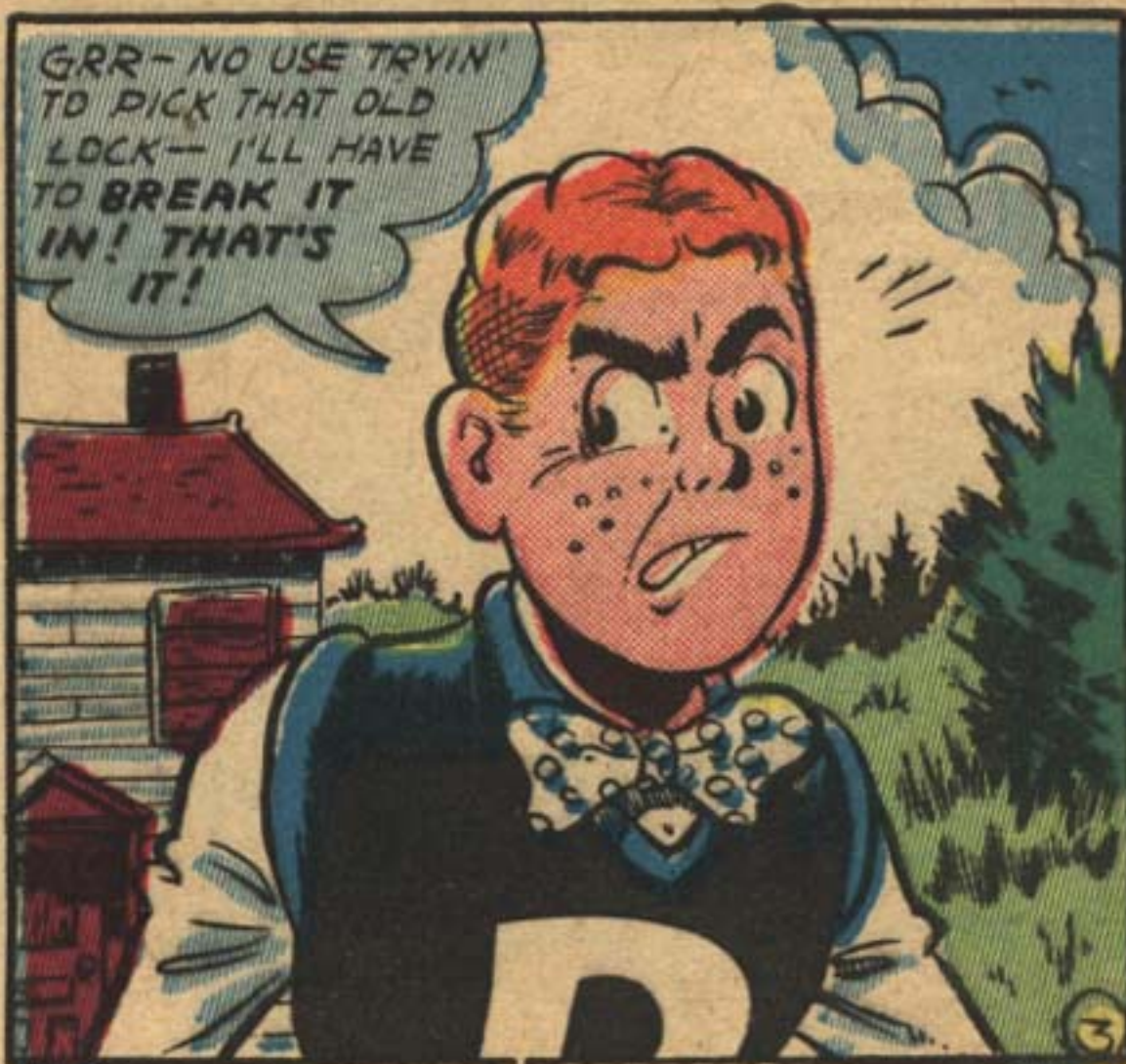
NOW YOU'RE  
TALKIN'! SEE  
IF YOU CAN  
FIND A  
PIECE O'  
WIRE!

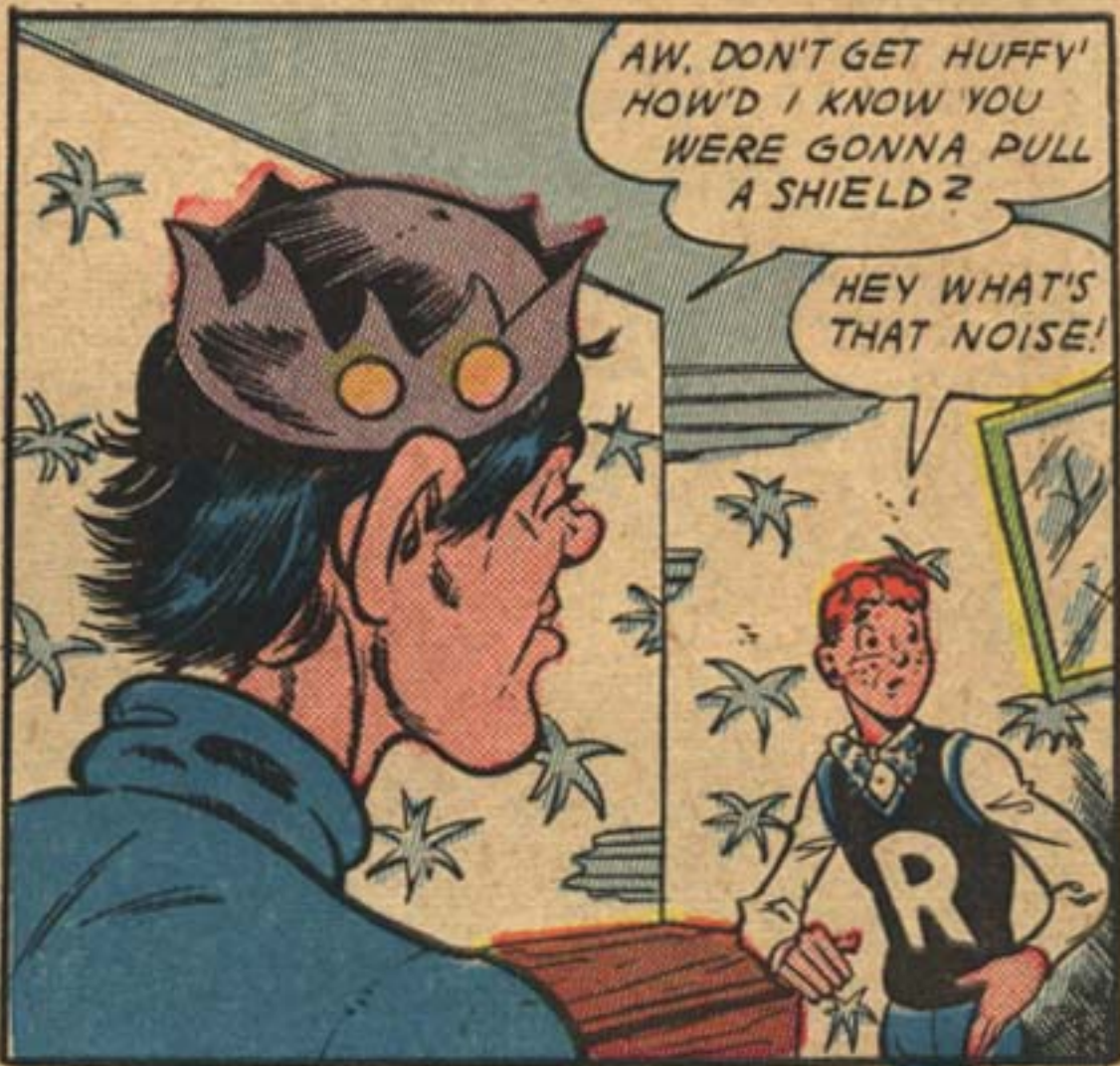


WHA - THE BACK  
DOOR IS OPENED!  
I'LL SURPRISE ARCH!  
AND OPEN TH'  
FRONT DOOR!



GRR - NO USE TRYIN'  
TO PICK THAT OLD  
LOCK - I'LL HAVE  
TO BREAK IT  
IN! THAT'S  
IT!

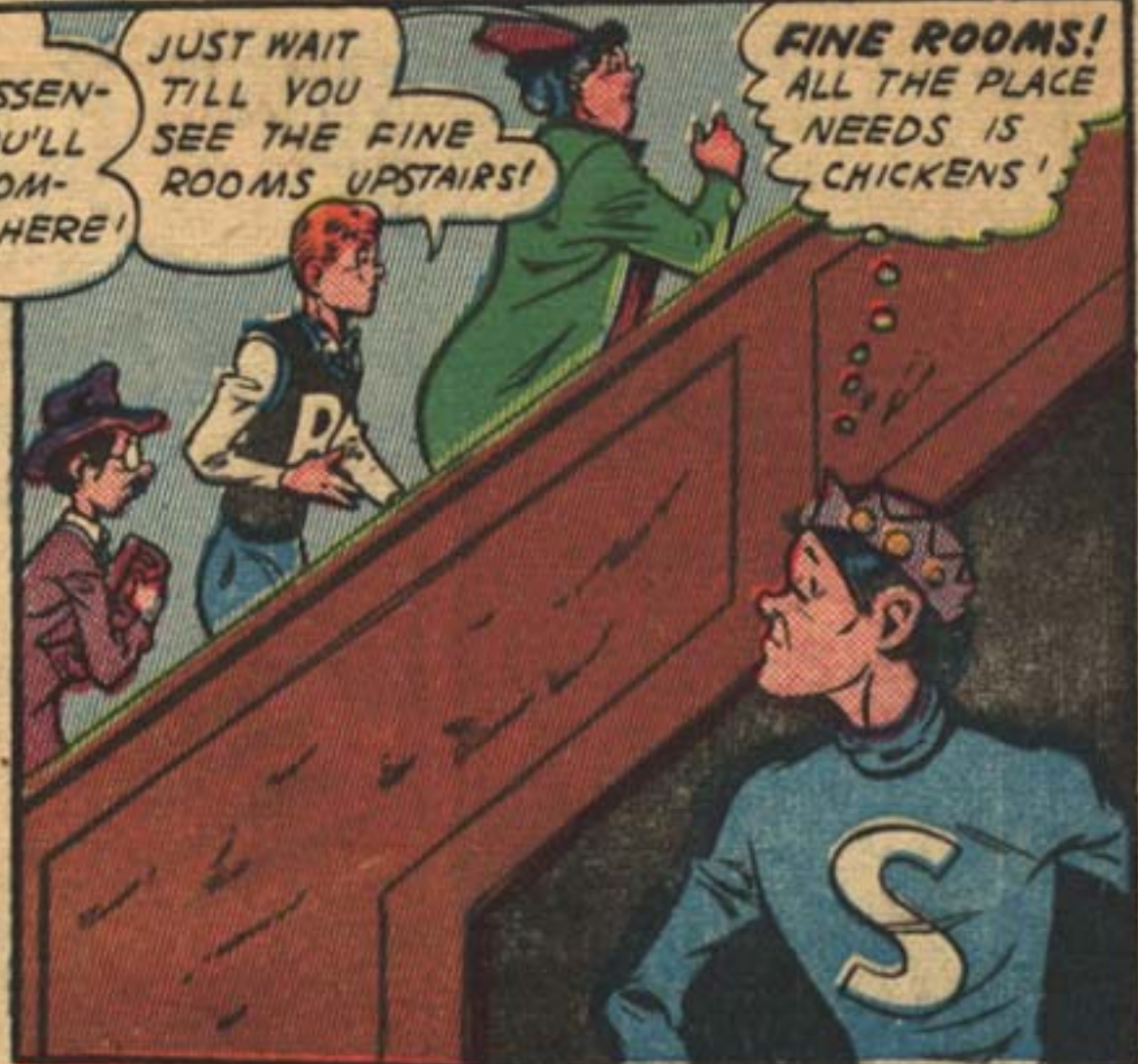






WHY, THIS PLACE ISN'T FIT FOR A PIG!

OH YES IT IS, MRS. HASSENFEFFER. YOU'LL BE VERY COMFORTABLE HERE!



JUST WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE FINE ROOMS UPSTAIRS!

FINE ROOMS! ALL THE PLACE NEEDS IS CHICKENS!



WELL, MRS. H. HOW DO YOU LIKE IT? NICE, HUH?

NO!



WELL-ER-COULDNT WE TALK IT OVER A LITTLE!

I WOULDN'T BUY IT ON A BET! COME, ABNER!



WHAT TH-- IT'S RAINING!

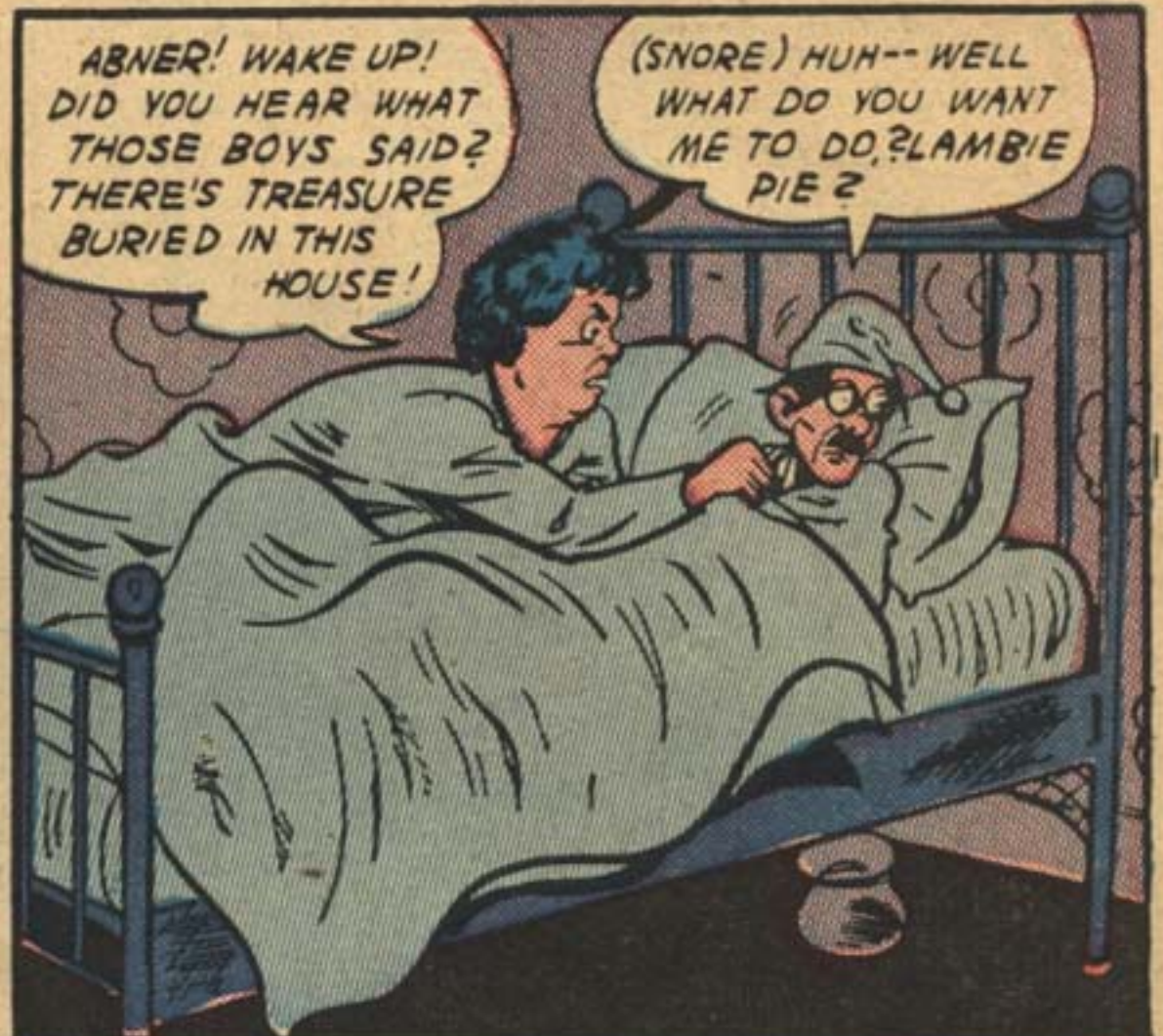
YES LAMBIE PIE, SO IT IS!



LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY OVER TILL IT STOPS!

BUT ONLY TILL IT STOPS!





TWO HOURS LATER--

OOO-- MY BACK 'I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO STRAIGHTEN UP AGAIN!

I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP! I'VE JUST GOT TO!



BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT-

DON'T BUT ME! YOU MARCH RIGHT BACK DOWN TO THAT CELLAR AND DIG!



DAWN--



ABNER-- OH ABNER! DID YOU FIND ANYTHING YET?

N-NO-LAMBIE PIE-- ONLY DIRT!



AH GOOD MORNING MRS H-- MAKING IMPROVEMENTS ALREADY!

UH-ER-A WELL!



YOU KNOW ARCHIE, I MAY BUY THE HOUSE AFTER ALL! JUST GIVE ME A FEW HOURS TO THINK IT OVER!

YIPEEE! YOU BETCHA MRS H!



MEANWHILE

AT THE OFFICE OF AN AIRFIELD CONTRACTOR--

HIGGINS THERE'S A PIECE OF PROPERTY ON ROUTE 7 WE'VE GOT TO HAVE FOR OUR NEW AIRPORT!

I'LL GO RIGHT OUT THERE AND BUY IT BOSS!





WELL, MRS. H. YOU'VE BEEN THINKIN' FOR 2 HOURS, HAVEN'T YOU DECIDED YET?

PATIENCE MY BOY, PATIENCE!

KNOCK KNOCK



HELLO-MY NAME IS HIGGINS AND-I'D--

MY NAME IS ANDREWS- BUT I'M BUSY-CALL LATER!



HELLO, BOSS? THIS IS HIGGINS. I TRIED TO BUY THAT PROPERTY BUT--

NO BUTS! OFFER HIM A THOUSAND DOLLARS! GET THAT PROPERTY!



HMPF--

I'LL STALL FOR TIME TILL ABNER FINDS THAT MONEY!

UH...I'D SELL IT TO YOU REAL CHEAP, MRS. H. SAY--AH-- \$ 200.00



BUT MR ANDREWS YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME--I--

GO AWAY I'M BUSY!



AIRPORTS INCORPORATED

WHAT-HE WOULDN'T SEE YOU--WELL THEN OFFER HIM TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR IT!

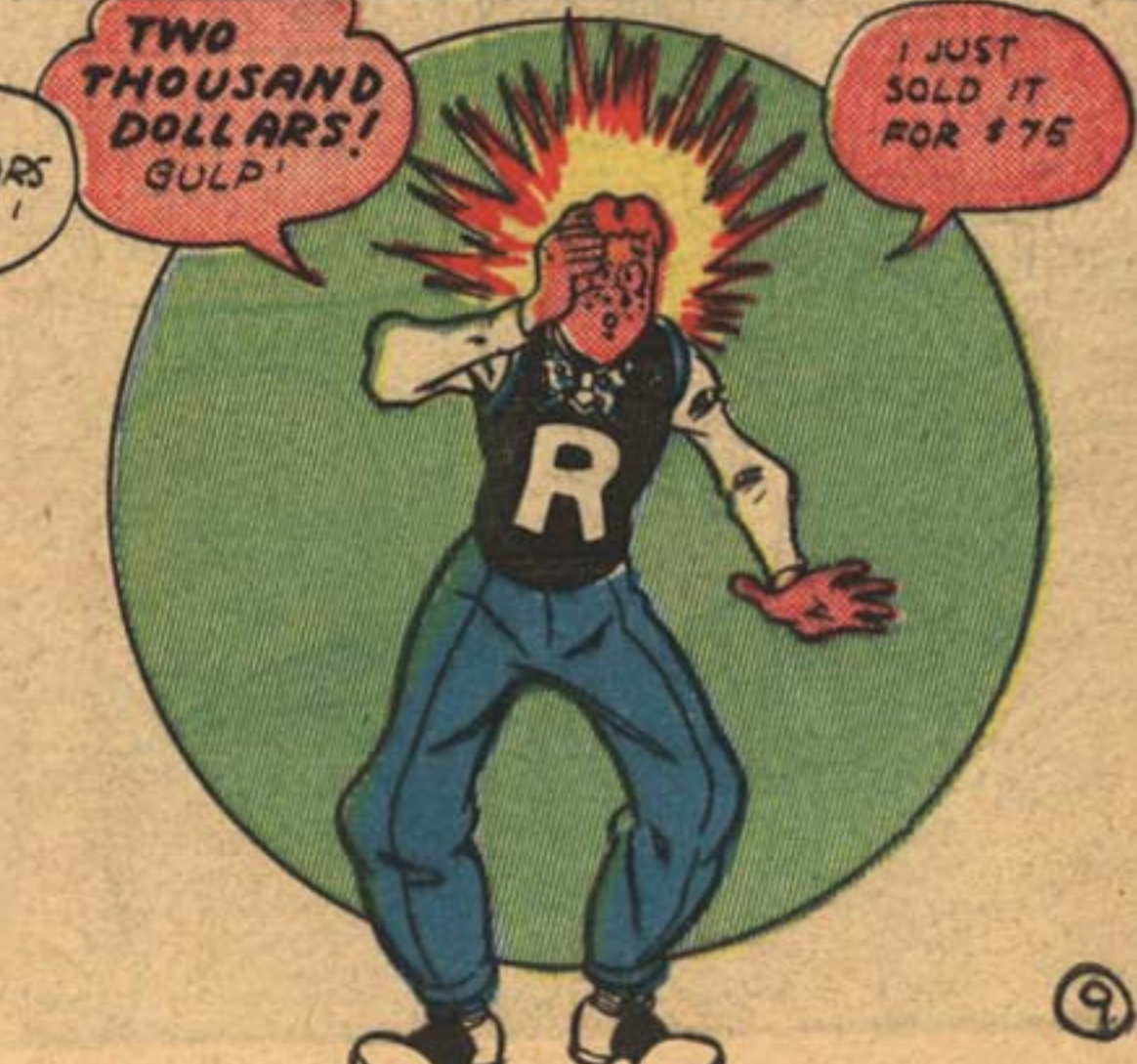


LOOK, SON!  
WILL YOU PLEASE  
LOOK AT THIS  
AT LEAST!

HUH.. OH  
SURE! JUST  
LEAVE IT  
ON THE TABLE!

HMM-MAYBE  
THAT FELLOW  
KNOWS ABOUT  
THE TREASURE!

ALL RIGHT  
YOUNG MAN!  
YOU DRIVE A  
HARD BARGAIN!  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
75 DOLLARS!

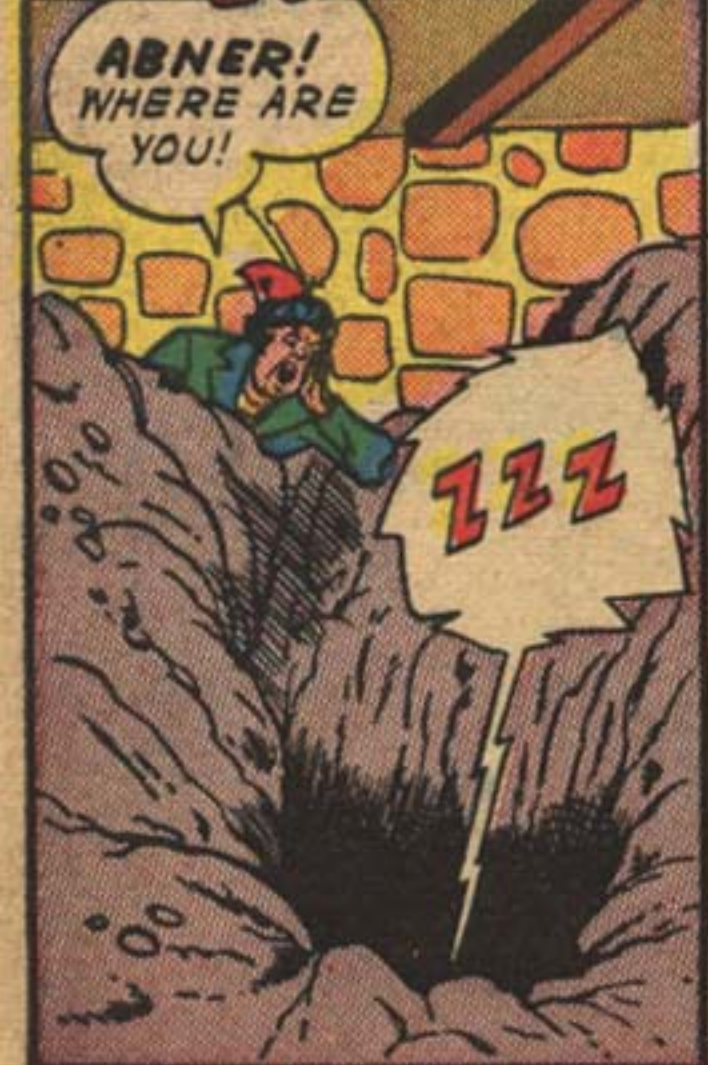


LISTEN MR.  
ANDREWS--I'LL  
GIVE YOU TWO  
THOUSAND DOLLARS  
FOR THIS PLACE!

WHAT  
??

TWO  
THOUSAND  
DOLLARS!  
GULP!

I JUST  
SOLD IT  
FOR \$75



THE ORIGINAL  
**SHIELD**  
AND  
**DUSTY**  
the  
BOY DETECTIVE



*in the*  
**MAN**  
*who played*  
**GOD**

ONE DAY, AS JOE HIGGINS, FBI MAN, WORKS INDUSTRIOUSLY IN HIS OFFICE, THE PHONE RINGS, AND..



OH, HELLO DUSTY, WHAT IS IT?



SORRY TO BOTHER YOU JOE, BUT... BUT... I THINK I'M SICK - OR MAYBE NUTS! EVERYTHING AROUND ME IS GETTIN' BIGGER..



...AND - OH! JOE! JOE! I'M SMALLER THAN THE DESK!

DUSTY! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!



IT MUST BE YOUR IMAGINATION!... DUSTY! DUSTY! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER?



THE PHONE WENT DEAD!



THAT KID'S NOT THE TYPE TO HAVE PIPE DREAMS!



WHA - WHAT WAS IT THAT JUST FLASHED PAST ME?



HOLD IT, EDDIE!



MAKE IT AN EXPRESS, KID ... IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!

Y...YES MR. HIGGINS!



HOLY CROCKEYE! LOOKA HIM GO!



I THOUGHT ONLY THE SHIELD COULD MOVE THAT FAST!



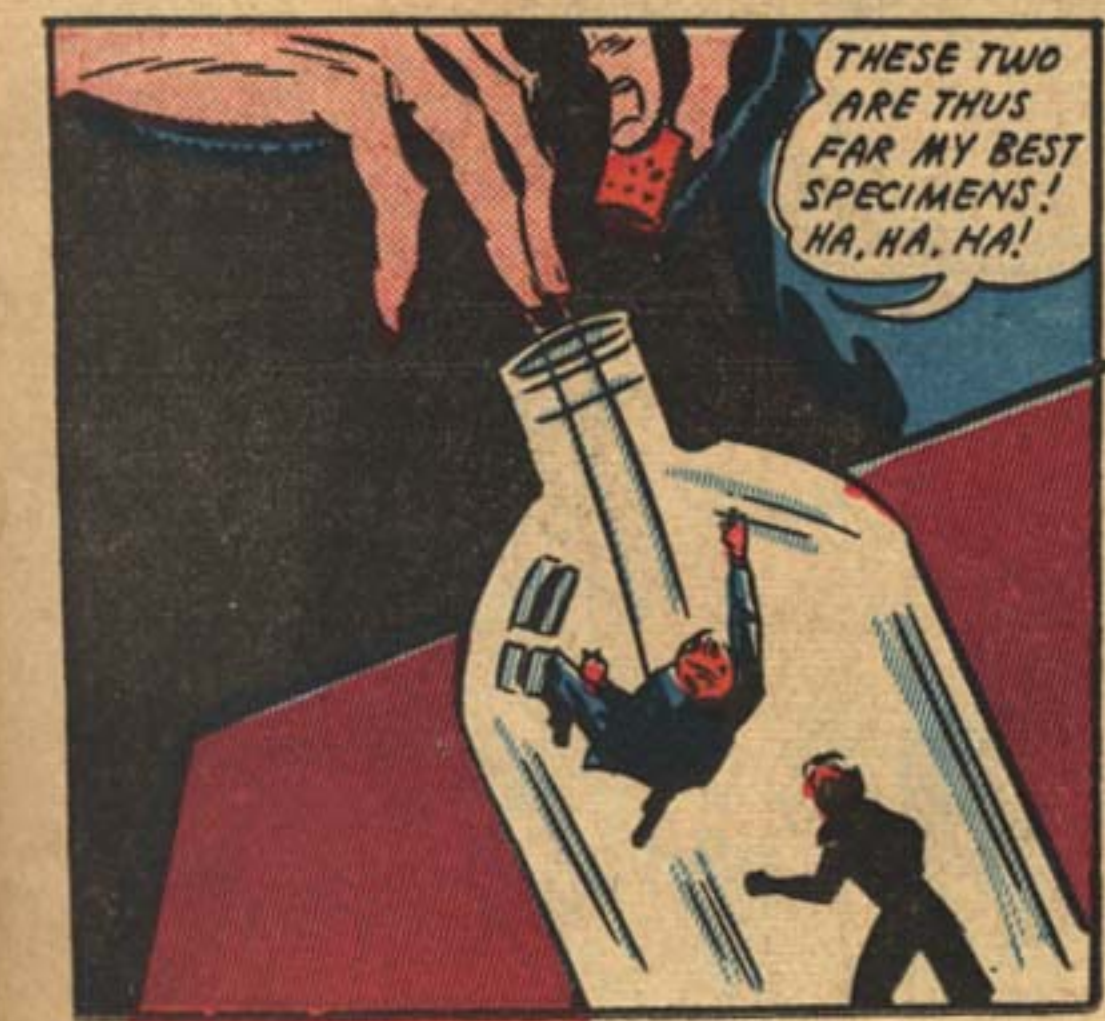
NO TIME TO CHANGE INTO MY SHIELD UNIFORM!



DUSTY! ... ARE YOU ALLRIGHT?









OOOO... MY HEAD!

IT'LL CLEAR SOON LIKE MINE DID, JOE!



I... I NEVER BAWLED BEFORE, JOE, BUT THIS TIME, I... I CAN'T HELP MYSELF... SNIFF SNIFF...

WITH THIS CRAZY MESS WE'RE IN, I COULD CRY MYSELF!



WHO IS HE? WHERE ARE WE NOW?

I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE ABOUT HIM THAN YOU DO, JOE!



BUT WHILE YOU WERE OUT COLD HE TOOK US TO SOME KIND OF LABORATORY!

YES! I CAN SEE THAT! BUT WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW!



DUSTY! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF A WAY OUT OF HERE!



I'LL HEAT THE AIR INSIDE THIS BOTTLE TO THE EXPANDING POINT! THE PRESSURE WILL BLOW OUT THE CORK!



HOTTER AND HOTTER GLOWS THE FLAME OF THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER-



I--I CAN'T STAND IT MUCH HOTTER THAN THIS IN HERE!



NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT THE SHIELD AND THE BOY DETECTIVE CAN DO.. EVEN IF ONLY MINIATURE!



UP YOU GO, DUSTY!

BOY! I NEVER REALIZED HOW SMALL WE WERE UNTIL THIS MINUTE!



GOT IT SHIELD! NOW YOU CLIMB UP ON ME!

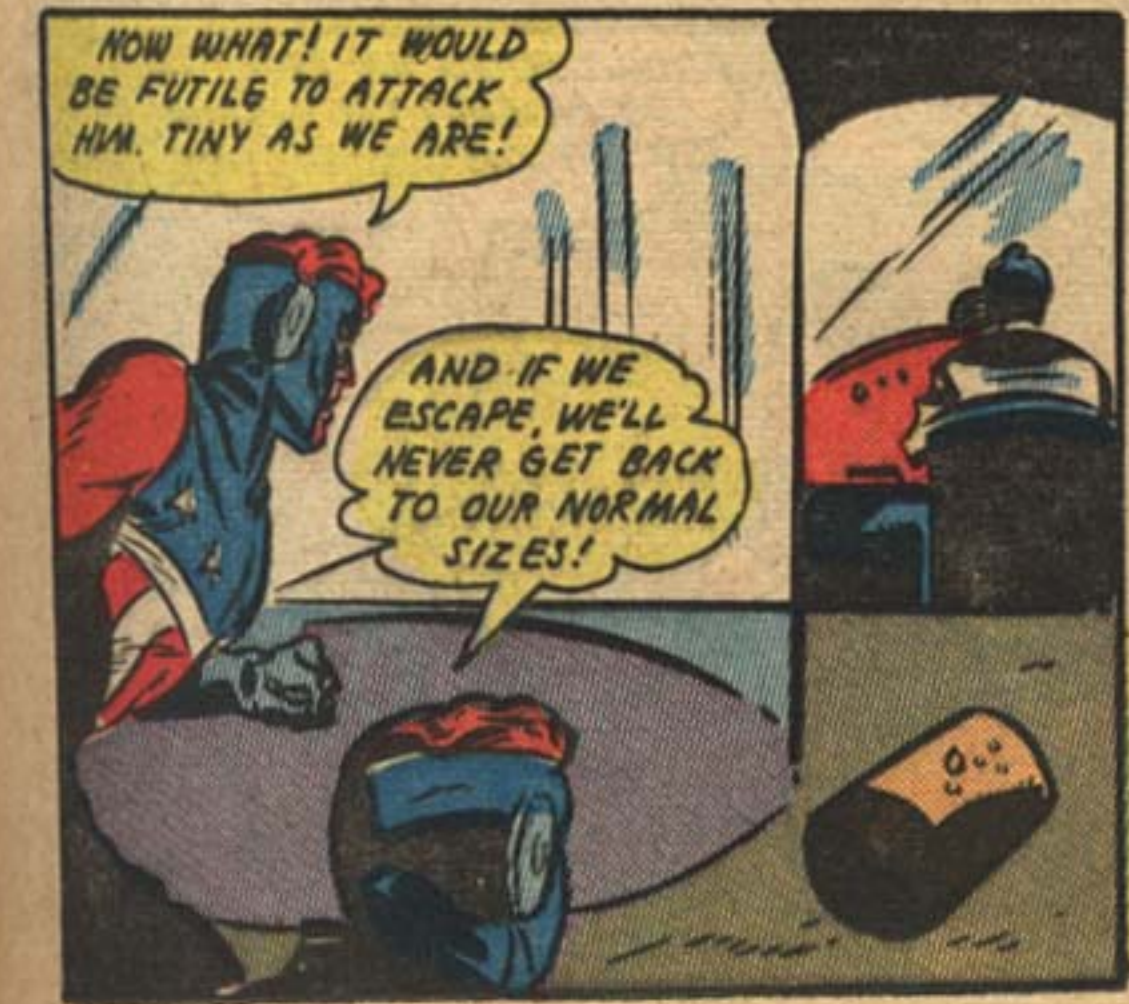


OKAY, DUSTY! HOLD TIGHT NOW!



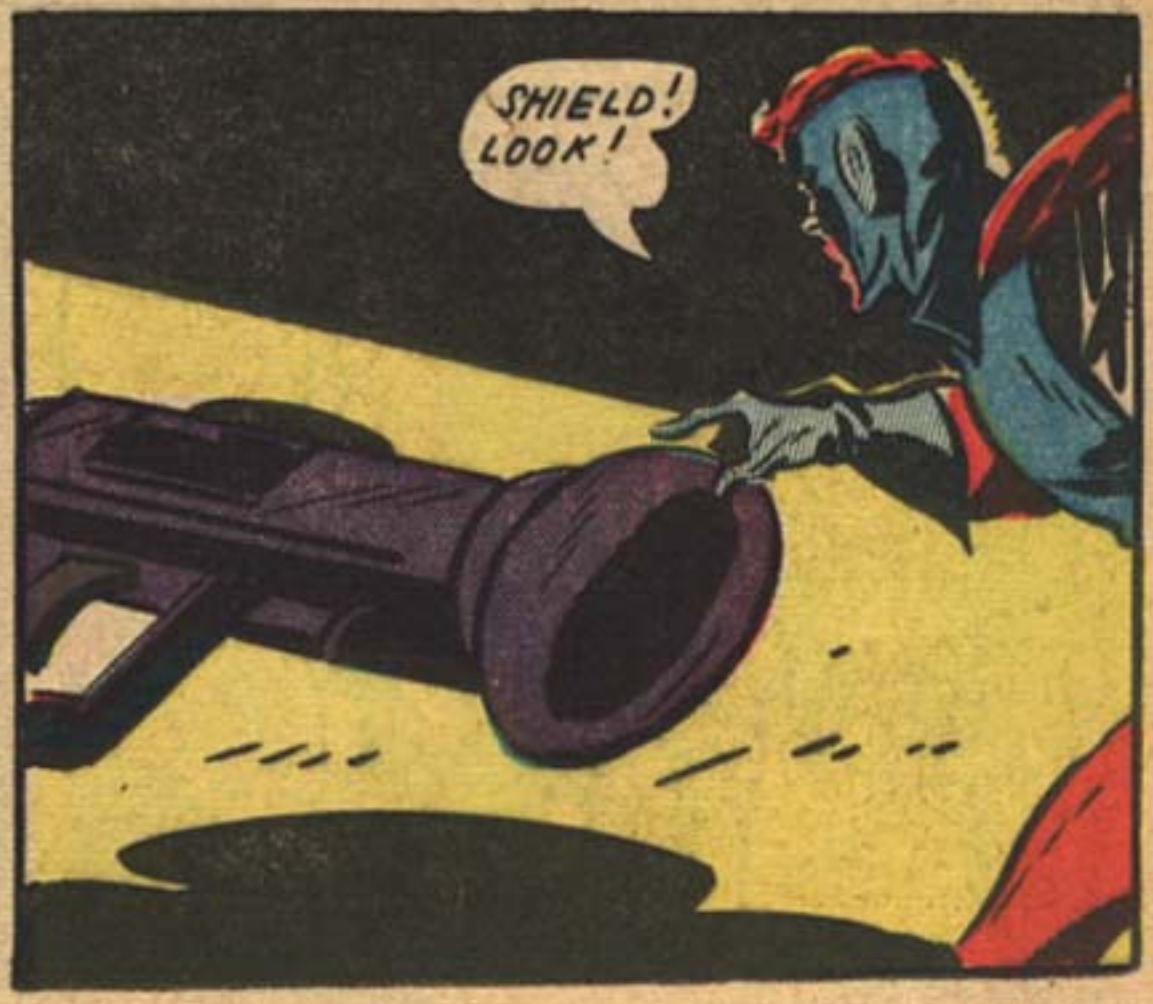
SO FAR, SO GOOD!

HE HASN'T SPOTTED US YET!



NOW WHAT! IT WOULD BE FUTILE TO ATTACK HIM. TINY AS WE ARE!

AND IF WE ESCAPE, WE'LL NEVER GET BACK TO OUR NORMAL SIZES!



SHIELD! LOOK!

THE RAY GUN  
THAT SHRUNK  
US... SAY THIS  
KNOB SEEMS  
TO MOVE  
TWO WAYS!



MAYBE  
THERE'S A  
REVERSE  
CONTROL ON  
THE GUN! I'M  
GOING TO  
STAND IN  
FRONT OF THE  
MUZZLE!



BOY... IF  
THIS DOESN'T  
WORK, I'LL  
SHRINK TO  
AN ATOM!



OKAY,  
LET 'ER  
RIP, DUSTY!



I-I FEEL IT  
WORKING! I'M  
GETTING BIGGER!



YOU... WHA...  
HOW!

YOU TURNED TOO LATE,  
MY FRIEND! I'M GROWING  
BY THE SECOND!



NOW WE'RE A LITTLE MORE EVENLY MATCHED!



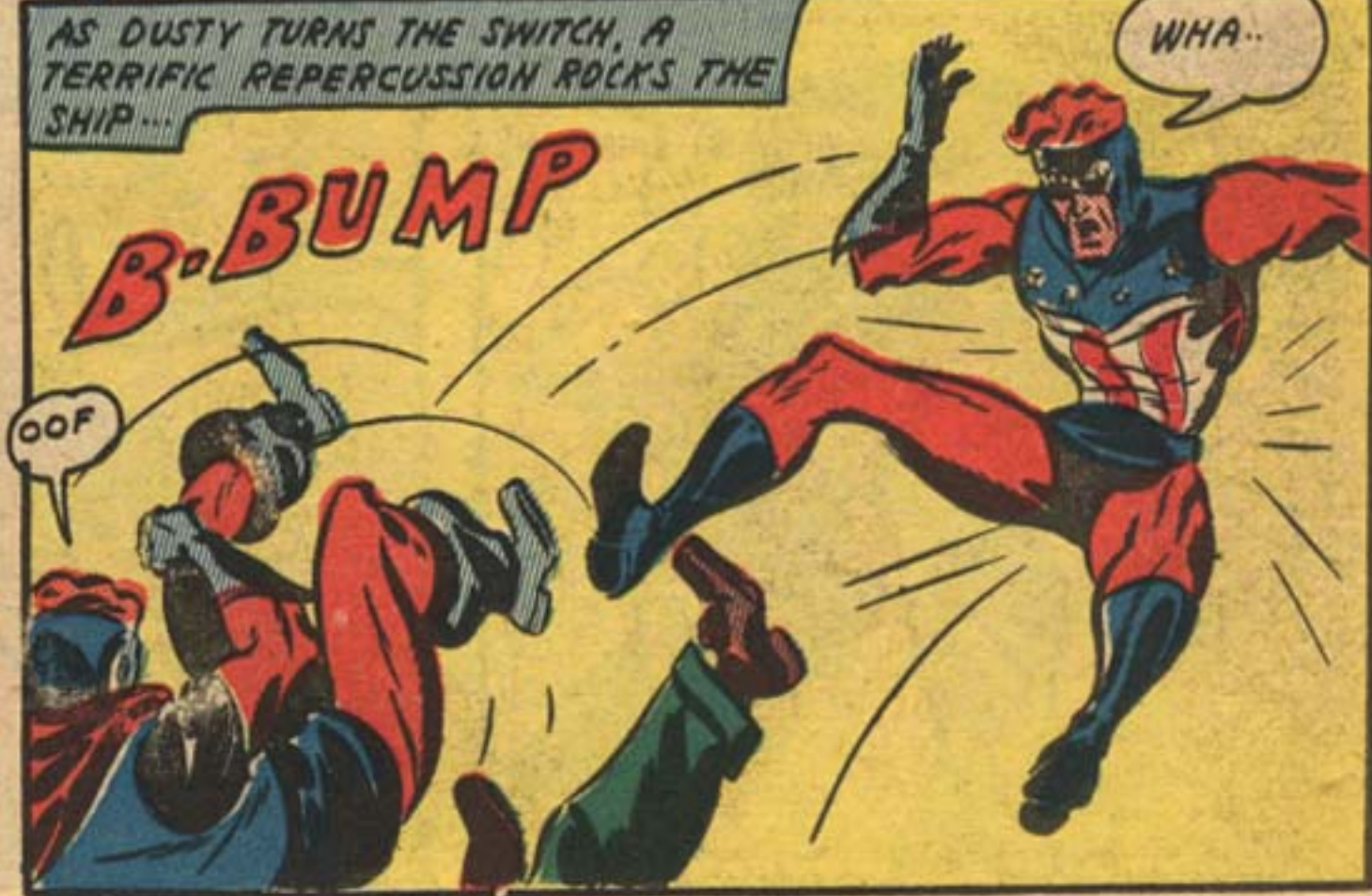
THE SHIELD CAN HANDLE HIM ALL RIGHT! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THESE GADGETS!



BUT AFTER SAMPLING THAT GUN, MAYBE HE REALLY IS TAKING US INTO THE FUTURE! SO I'LL JUST PLAY SAFE AND TURN IT BACK!



AS DUSTY TURNS THE SWITCH, A TERRIFIC REPERCUSSION ROCKS THE SHIP...





OWOOOO... WHAT HIT ME? WHERE ARE WE?

AFTER I TURNED THAT KNOB, EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!



GULP! SHIELD! LOOK!



MA... MAYBE WE'RE BOTH SEEING THINGS, SHIELD!  
IT'S A DINOSAUR! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, DUSTY!



KEEP KICKING, LAD! I... I'LL TRY TO CUT OFF ITS BREATH AND MAKE THE MONSTER OPEN ITS MOUTH!



GRRRR

YOU GOT HIM SHIELD! A LITTLE MORE PRESSURE ON THE OLD WINDPIPE, AND...



UGH... OPEN UP YOU OUT-SIZED HALF-TRACK!



YEEOWW! I'M GOING OVER A CLIFF!



HELP! SHIELD! HELP!



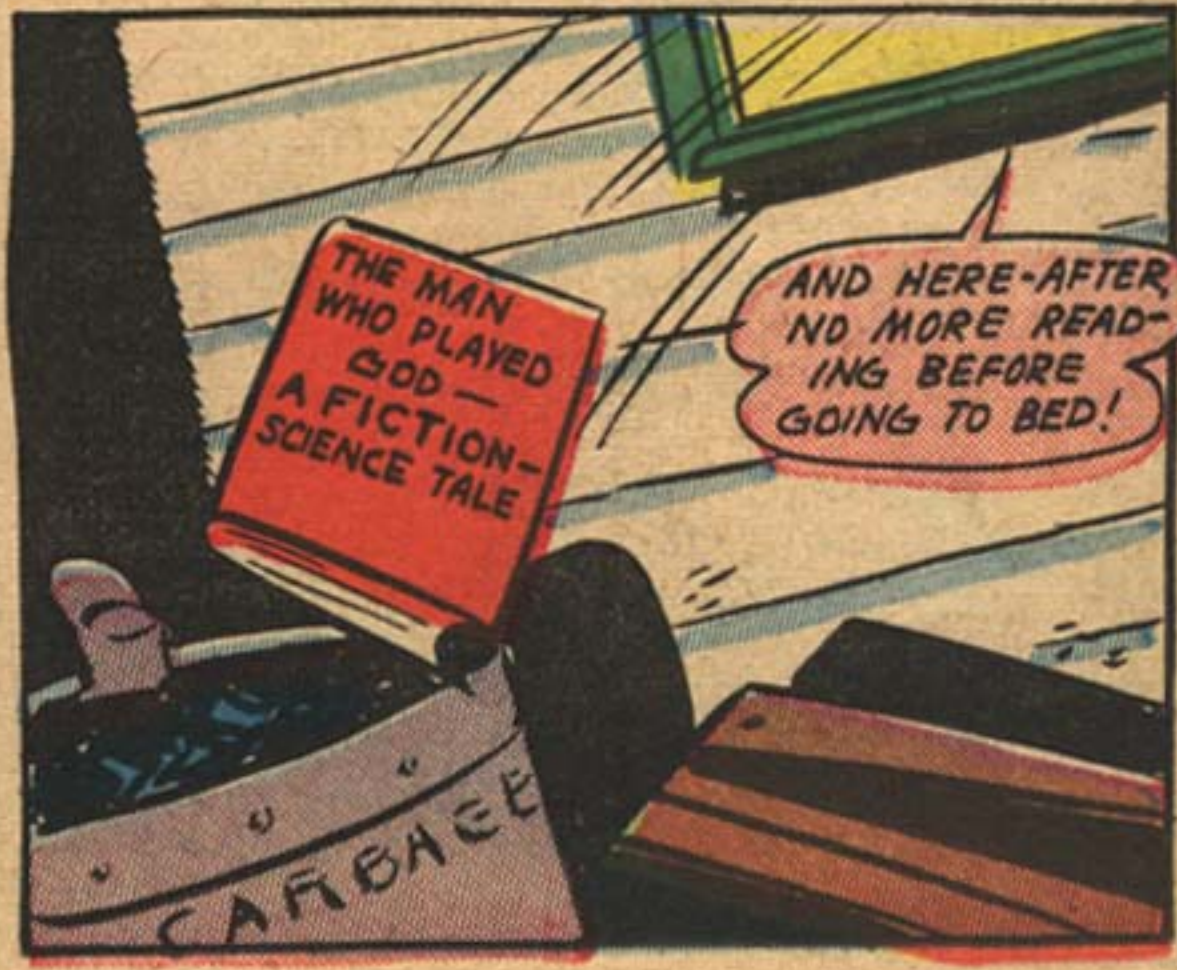
SHIELD! HELP! HELP!



HAVING NIGHTMARES, SON?



HMMM... I THINK I KNOW WHAT GAVE 'EM TO YOU!



THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD - A FICTION-SCIENCE TALE

AND HERE-AFTER, NO MORE READING BEFORE GOING TO BED!



# PEP CONTEST PAGE

HERE'S A CONTEST IN WHICH EVERYBODY WINS! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND IN A LETTER OR POSTCARD TELLING US YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN PEP COMICS. THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS FREE. ALL OTHERS WILL RECEIVE A WAR STAMP WHEN THEIR NAMES APPEAR ON THIS PAGE. SO SEND IN YOUR LETTERS, AND WATCH THIS PAGE FOR YOUR NAME. ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO PEP COMICS, 241 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK.

## HERE ARE THE LUCKY TEN WHO WIN A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF PEP COMICS

1) ALICE HAKEN  
109 N. 7<sup>th</sup> AVE.  
ALPENA, MICH

4) WILLIE MUESSIG  
ROUTE #2  
AURORA, OREGON

7) DIANA BORELLI  
102 FARRÉN AVE.  
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

2) LOUIS H. GOLD  
69 W. HOUSATONIC ST.  
PITTSFIELD MASS.

5) JOAN M. DAVIES  
710 N. WALNUT  
SALEM, ILL.

8) FLORENCE SMITH  
327 VERNON AVE  
BKLYNLE, N.Y

3) AVA MUCKLER  
210 S 24<sup>th</sup> ST.  
OMAHA, NEBR.

6) JAMES SCHALZ  
1736 CORTLAND ST.  
CHICAGO, ILL.

9) RICHARD KUMMERT  
1504 N. LAVERGNE  
CHICAGO, ILL.

10) SEYMOUR HARNIK  
285 BONNER PL.  
BX. 56, N.Y.

## AND HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF WAR STAMPS

DOROTHY CASEY  
1034 N HAMILTON  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

WALTER SZEUEZYK  
176 CHERRY ST.  
DURYEA, PA.

ALFRED CAMPAYNA  
26 MURRAY AVE.  
PATERSON, N.J.

JIM WEIR  
9235 S. 55 AVE.  
OAK LAWN, ILL.

EARL CLAYTON  
203 N. ROSE ST.  
BALTO 24, MD.

HAROLD PUGH  
4909 -1<sup>st</sup> AVE. N.  
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

J.S. HORNEK, JR.  
656 S. PRESTON ST.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

BETTY BATTLE  
794 LINCOLN ST.  
NORFOLK, VA.

C.W. SANDEFUR  
ROUTE #1  
DRY BRANCH, GA.

ROBERT STEKES  
OAK RIDGE COURT  
FORT ROYAL, VA.

RAYMOND FUNK  
1101 DECATUR ST.  
S. NORFOLK, VA.

BUCKY WEEDEN  
HOTEL EVANS  
MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA

PATSY ABERNATHY  
BOX 1261  
PAMPA, TEX.

BARBARA KESLER  
1881 CHRISTOPHER  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

STEVE JUDGE, JR.  
3 W. DECKER ST.  
JOHNSTOWN, N.Y.

M.L. ROACHE  
R.F.D. #2  
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

GERALD WOLF  
33 JONES AVE.  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

EDITH WILLIAMS  
BOX 43  
ELMWOOD, NEBR.

MARY NORBERGER  
HIGHLAND SPRINGS  
VIRGINIA

JOE GRAZIANO  
7106 -18<sup>th</sup> AVE.  
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

# The BLACK HOOD

MAN  
of  
MYSTERY

YOU MADE ME CONFESS



DEDICATED TO  
THE  
BLACK HOOD

JIM AND JAKE INC.  
SONG WRITERS AND PUBLISHERS

ONCE UPON A TIME AT A CERTAIN POLICE STATION

YOU, AN' YER SCIENTIFIC HOTSY POTSY! I TELL YA, KIP...

YES! I KNOW! YOU'VE BEEN ON THE FORCE 25 YEARS SERGEANT MCGINTY, AND YOU'VE ALWAYS CAUGHT CROOKS WITH YOUR NIGHTSTICK!



THAT'S RIGHT DAGNABBIT! AND THAT'S THE WAY YOU'D CATCH THE BLACK HOOD, IF...

BETTER ANSWER THE PHONE, SARGE!



WHAT'S THAT? OKAY RIGHT AWAY! I'VE GOT JUST THE MAN FOR YOU!



JOHNSON, THE SONG PUBLISHER IS MAKING A BANK DEPOSIT.. YOU'RE TO ESCORT HIM! HEH! HEH!

AW, SARGE! HAVE A HEART! YOU'VE BEEN GIVING ME ALL THESE CREAM PUFF ASSIGNMENTS LATELY, AND...



YOU HEARD ME! I'M GIVING THE ORDERS HERE! NOW SCRAM!

YES SIR!



LATER

I SURE GET THE INTERESTING ASSIGNMENTS! WELL.. HERE WE ARE!

JOHNSON INC. MUSIC PUBLISHER







I ANSWERED, ONE OF JOHNSON'S ADS IN THE PAPER ASKING FOR SONG WRITERS... JOHNSON LIKED MY SONGS AND WE SIGNED A CONTRACT. THE NEXT DAY THE CONTRACT WAS MISSING FROM MY COAT AND JOHNSON WOULDN'T PAY ME, SAYING I HAD NO PROOF!



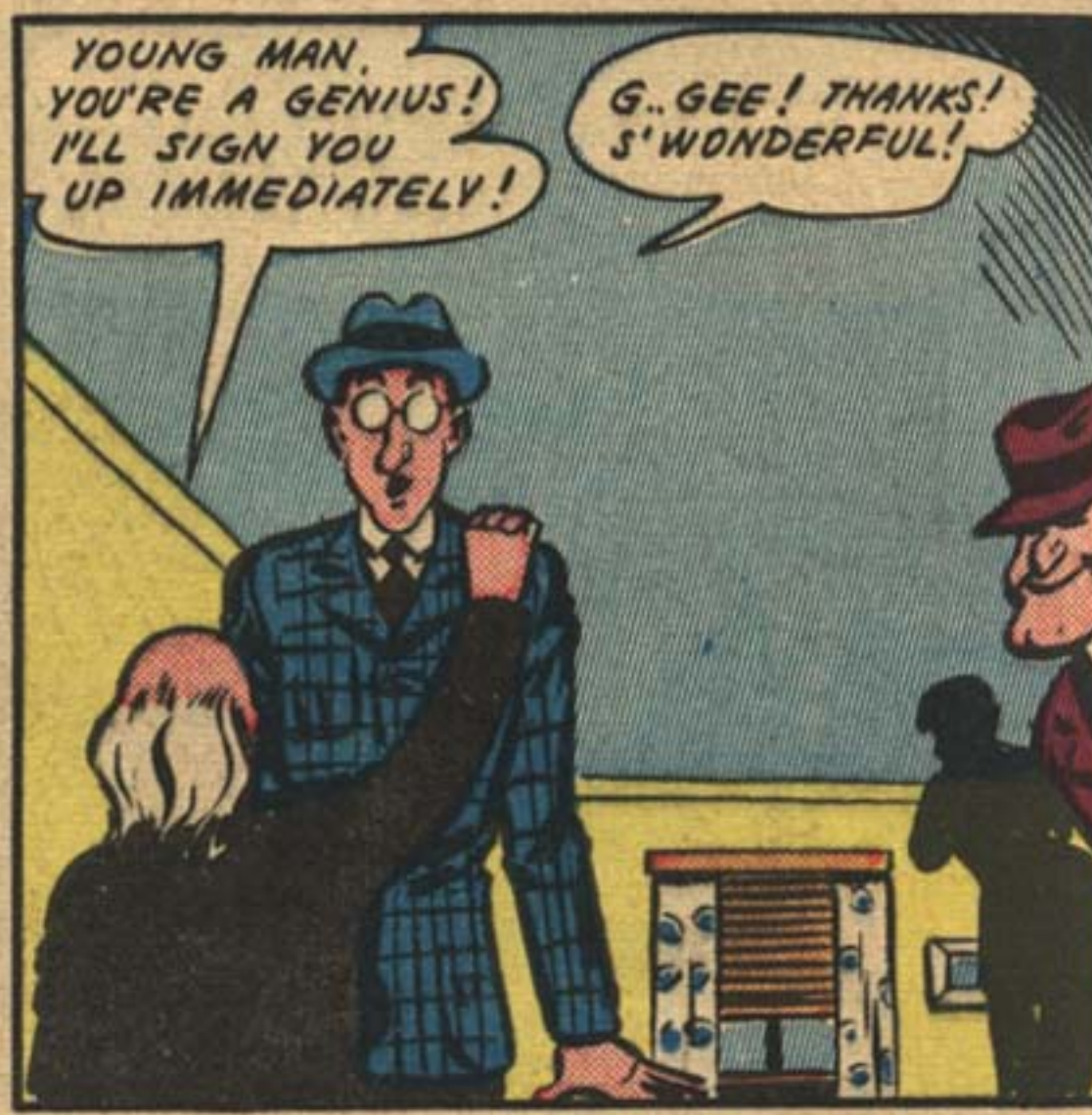
THAT'S A STRONG ACCUSATION TO MAKE! BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO! MEANWHILE I'LL HAVE TO LOCK YOU UP! INCIDENTALLY, LET ME HAVE YOUR SONGS!



NEXT DAY

ER.. EXCUSE ME! I SAW YOUR AD IN THE PAPER.. I'VE GOT SOME SONGS!

COME RIGHT IN! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAVE!



YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE A GENIUS! I'LL SIGN YOU UP IMMEDIATELY!

G.. GEE! THANKS! S'WONDERFUL!



GOODBYE M'BOY! I'LL HOLD YOUR SONGS FOR SAFEKEEPING!

I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW MR. JOHNSON! THANKS AGAIN!



OKAY WINGY! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! AND NO SLIP-UPS!

IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!



THEY SURE FELL FOR THIS DISGUISE! THE CONTRACT IS ON THE LEVEL! SO FAR SO GOOD!



SUDDENLY

OOOPS! PARDON ME!

HUH?



SO THAT'S HOW THE CONTRACTS DISAPPEAR! PICKPOCKET!

I'VE GOT BUSINESS TO TEND TO! SO YOU'RE DISAPPEARING TEMPORARILY!



THE STRANGER REMOVES HIS CLEVER DISGUISE, AND WE SEE— KIP BURLAND!



WITH NO EVIDENCE, HIS WORD WOULD BE TAKEN IN COURT! BUT JOHNSON IS IN FOR A SURPRISE VISIT FROM THE BLACK HOOD!



MEANWHILE ANOTHER SUCK...ER... NOVICE SONG WRITER IS BEING LINED UP...

I'LL SIGN YOU UP AT \$500 A WEEK... MEANWHILE LET ME HAVE YOUR SONGS!

CHEEE G-G-AWSH!

SUDDENLY...

THE BLACK HOOD!



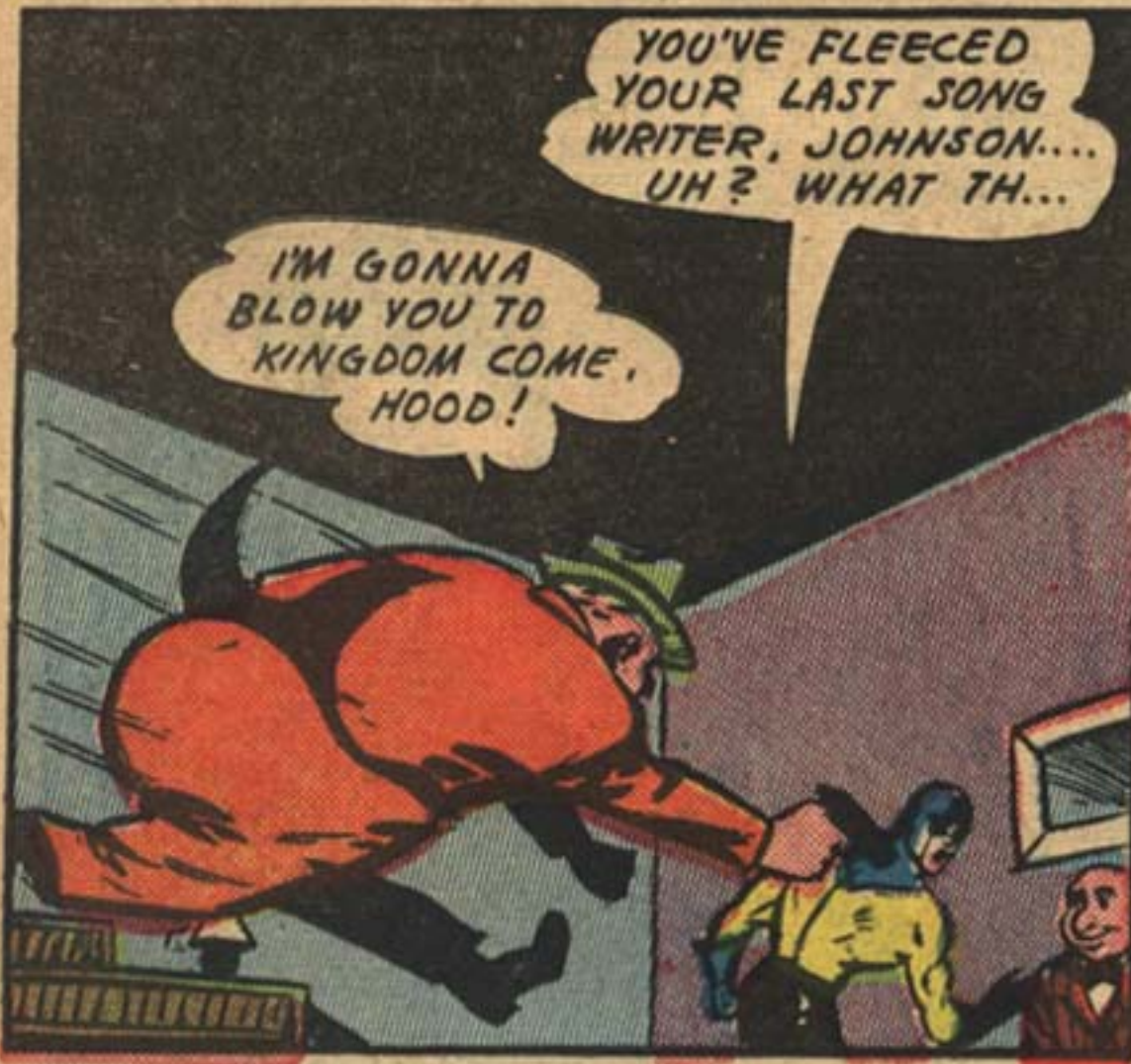
I'M GETTING A SIGNED CONFESSION FROM YOU, JOHNSON!



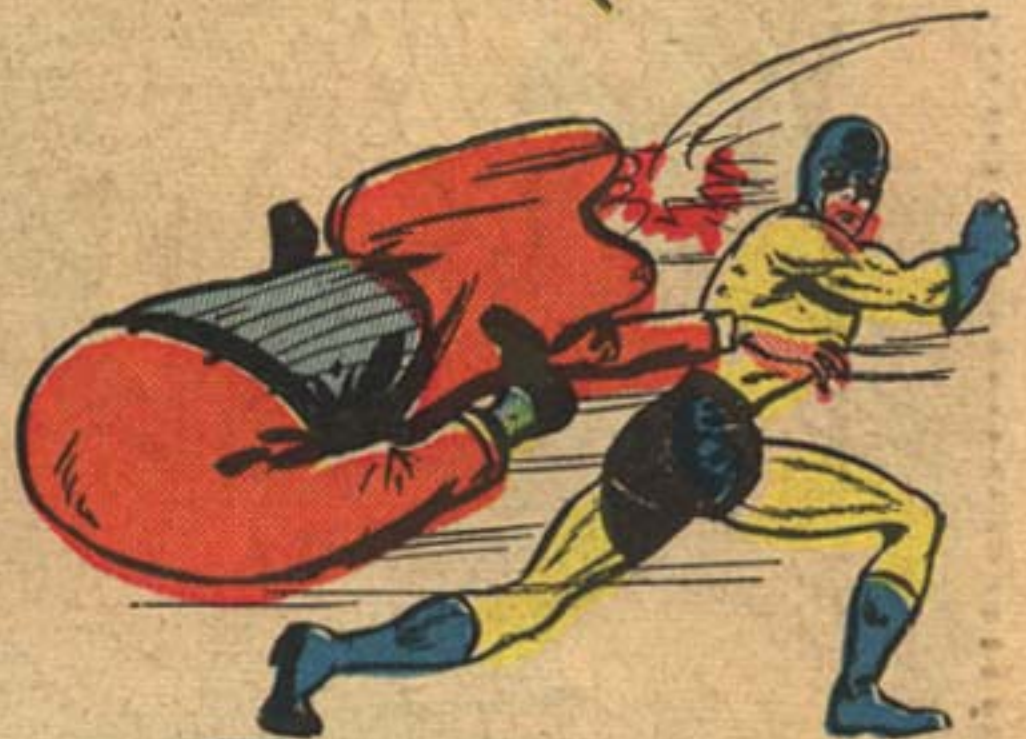
B-BEHIND YOU, HOOD!

YOU'VE FLEECED YOUR LAST SONG WRITER, JOHNSON... UH? WHAT TH...

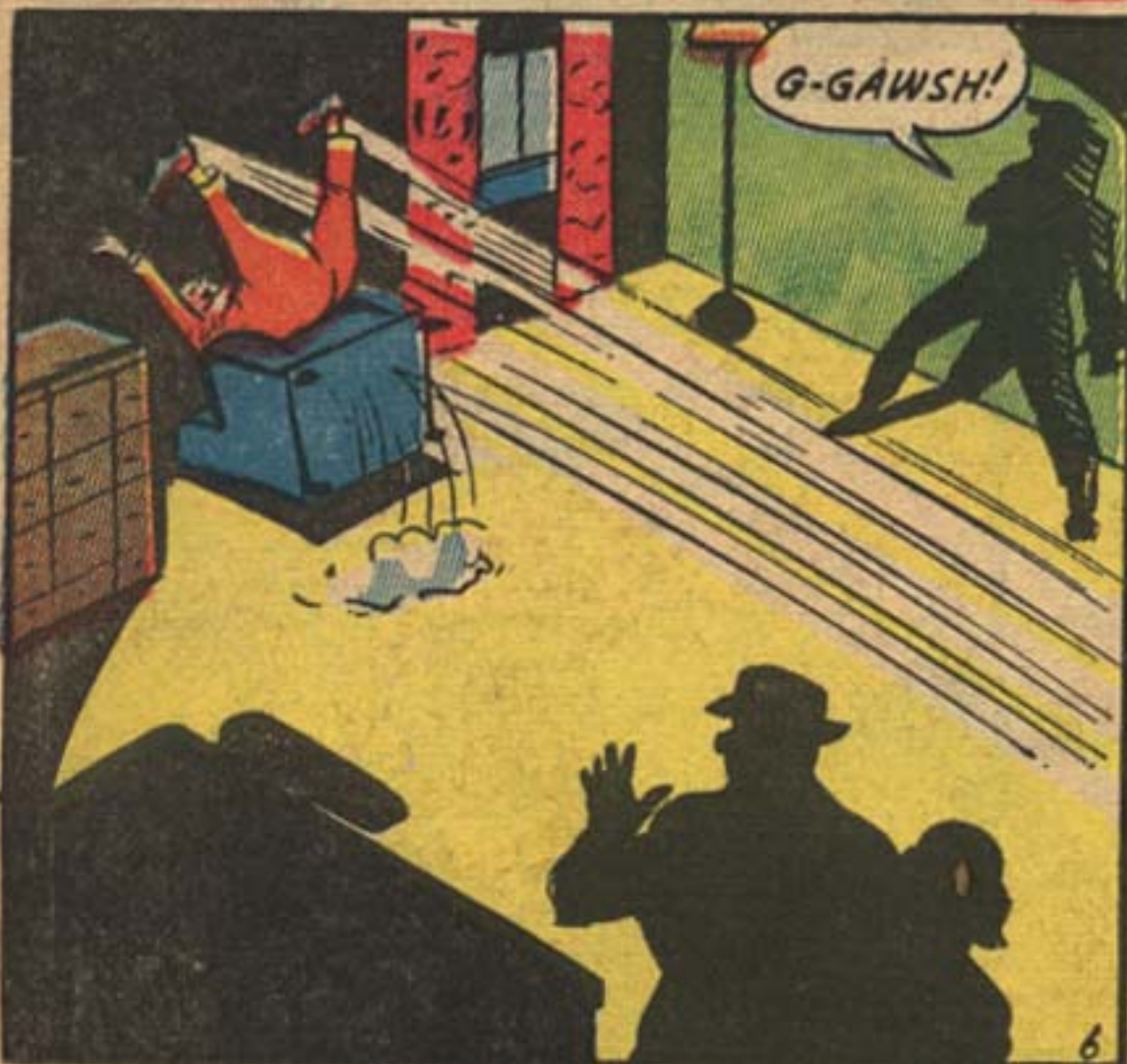
I'M GONNA BLOW YOU TO KINGDOM COME, HOOD!



I DON'T LIKE TO BE INTERRUPTED! HAVE A CHAIR!



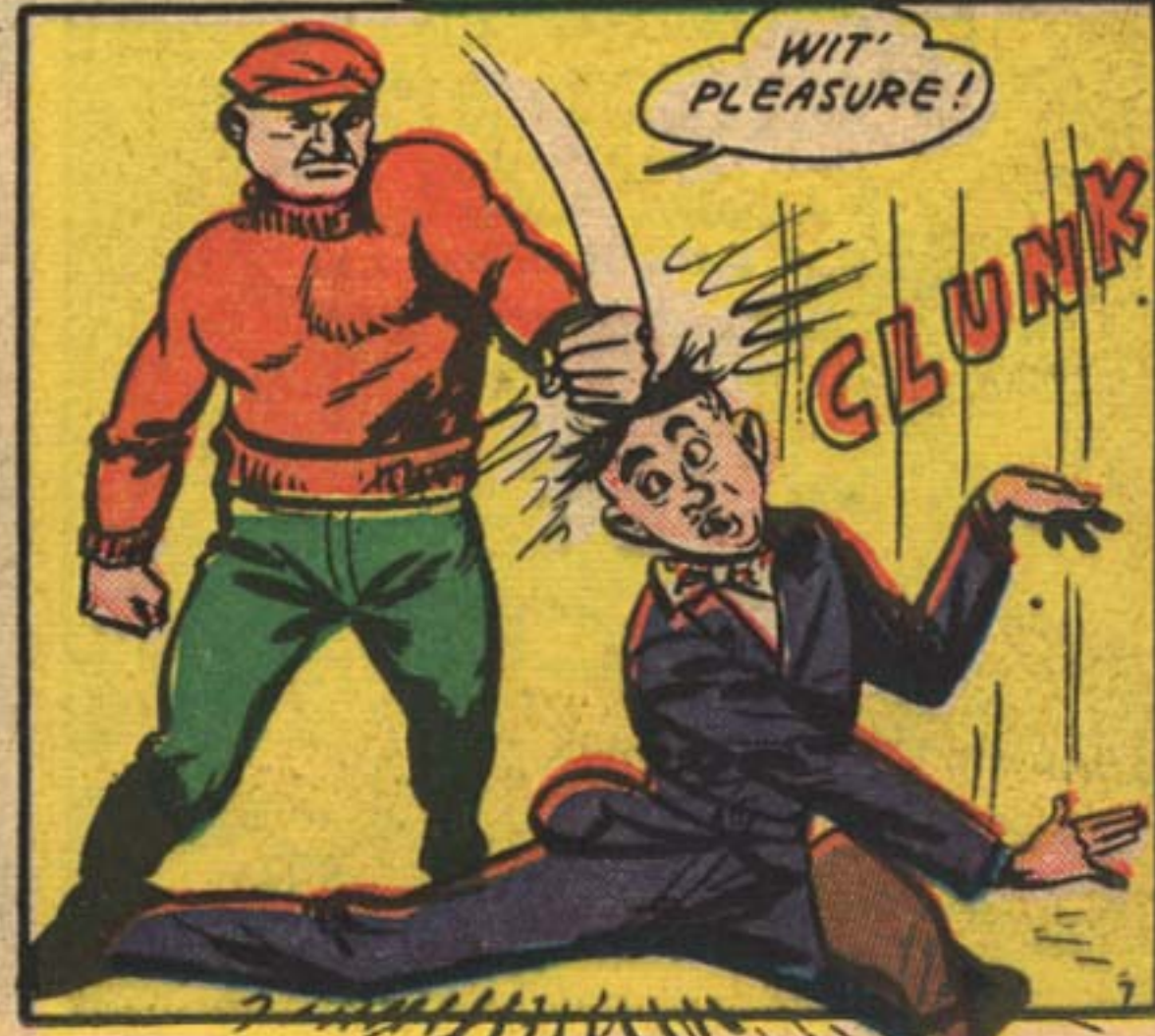
G-GAWSH!



DO SOMETHING YOU GUYS! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!

I'LL MOIDER YA!







THE BLKCK HOOD IS FAR FROM DEAD..THANKS TO THE SCAFFOLD USED BY SAND BLASTERS TO CLEAN THE GRIMY BUILDING...

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! AH.. JUST WHAT I NEED!



THIS SAND BLASTING EQUIPMENT WILL JUST ABOUT DUST THEM OFF!



LET'S GET THIS YOKEL INTO THE CAR BEFORE HE COMES TO! HEY!! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

COUGH! COUGH!



CUT IT OUT!

DUST THIS UPSET YOU!

COUGH! COUGH!



LATER

THANKS FOR THE CONFESSION.. I'LL GET SOME MEN TO DIG YOU OUT LATER! C'MON BALDWIN, WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE LAW!



NEXT DAY

AN ENDING WITH A MORAL! BUT WITH A VENGEANCE!



END

# A TRUE FACT STORY

by the Black Hood

“EPHRAIM, go down to the hospital and get me a pint of blood.”

Ephraim Littlefield, janitor of the Harvard Medical School, took down a quart jar from a shelf in Dr. John Webster's chemical laboratory and asked if that would do. The Professor, a short middle-aged man, side-whiskered as befitted a gentleman of Boston in 1849, nodded. Littlefield, who was general man at the newly established institute, left; but he was unable to successfully fulfill his mission. That day, which was Thursday, November 22nd, there was no blood to be had nor was there any available Friday morning. Dr. Webster was chagrined. He needed the blood for a lecture, he said.

Dr. George Parkman was a fairly wealthy man. It was he who had endowed the Medical School only the year before and who had gained Webster his place there. But Webster owed him money on a mortgage covering a valuable collection of minerals the chemist owned. Parkman was a philanthropist when he wanted to be but he was also a tight-fisted businessman. He believed in collecting debts even when they were owed by men who had to subsist on the poor salaries of college professors. And it was that Friday morning that Webster at last notified his creditor that he would pay him the money that was due him, a matter of some four hundred dollars. He would settle the debt that afternoon at one o'clock, at his laboratory. The matter was known to Littlefield, who had overheard discussion of it several days before.

Littlefield was a strange person, but typical enough in one matter; there is a New England type like him. Given to keeping their own counsel, given to certain eccentricities. He lived in his own quarters in the Medical School building, had access to the rooms and laboratories, tended the furnace, and kept watch on the great underground vault below wherein were thrown the used remains of the multifold cadavers used by the students in anatomy classes. Of all the men employed in Harvard, he alone seemed most able to penetrate into the foul recesses of the vaults amid the stench of decaying flesh.

Parkman, a tall gaunt man, bald, with a sharp-

ly jutting jaw, set out promptly that afternoon to the Webster laboratory to keep his appointments. He called in a grocery store on his way, nodded to several people, and was seen to enter the door of the college. He was never seen to leave.

Now Parkman was a man of strict punctuality; when he failed to meet other appointments in the afternoon and failed to show up at home in time for supper his family became aroused and concerned. They notified the city marshal, a Mr. Tuckey, and search was started at once. All night they searched and all the next day. Posters were sent out and a reward of \$3000 was offered for knowledge leading to either the finding of Parkman, his body, or his murderers.

Dr. Webster did not hear reports of his creditor's strange absence until they appeared in the papers several days later. He immediately went to the Parkman family, telling them that he was the party with whom the missing man had had his appointment.

Parkman had come to his laboratory as expected, Dr. Webster went on; he had been paid in cash on the spot by the chemist, had given Webster the cancelled I.O.U., and had immediately left in order to go to Cambridge to discharge the mortgage. That was the last that Webster had seen of him.

Professor Webster seemed much worried about the disappearance; he realized that suspicion was bound to fall upon him since he was the last man known actually to have seen Parkman and it was a fact that Parkman was a hard creditor who had hounded Webster severely. Littlefield told people of a severe argument that the two doctors had had only a few days prior to the disappearance; harsh words had been spoken on both sides and Parkman had threatened to sue for the money.

Police officers arrived Tuesday afternoon to search the building. They had determined to go over the place from top to bottom, hoping to find some sign that might point to the fate of the missing man. They found the janitor outside and made him accompany them.

They searched the place, starting with the up-

stairs rooms and the basement including Littlefield's own chambers where, unknown to the janitor, they went through his clothes. Then they went to Webster's laboratory, but it was locked.

They pounded and finally the chemist opened the door. He let them in and the men made for the professor's back private laboratory but were warned away.

"I keep my explosives and acids there."

The officer changed his mind abruptly. He had no desire to be sent to kingdom come by any accidental fumbling with violent chemicals. Then they went to the professor's basement laboratory; there was a small corner door leading to the tiny chamber which was the professor's privy. This they failed to investigate. Below this privy were the vaults wherein the wastes from the professor's experiments fell.

When the officers left, Littlefield slipped back to the door of the laboratory. He drew a knife and crouched down beside the door but the noise of someone else in the building coming his way distracted him and he went away.

The next day Littlefield continued his actions. He tried looking under the door and watching the professor at work; he could see the chemist's feet moving near the assay furnace which was a part of his laboratory equipment but he could make out nothing further. Testing the walls outside the location of the furnace he confirmed that it was in operation.

Later that day, when Webster had left, Littlefield pried around and finally forced his way into the laboratory by way of a back window. He saw that the furnace indeed had been in heavy use the past few days but that was not a new discovery. He found several suspicious wet spots on the stairs leading to Webster's basement and to his back room (the one where explosives were supposed to have been stored). These tasted to him like acid.

It turned out that these spots were from a classroom test of the chemist's.

Thanksgiving Day found Littlefield again prowling around the deserted college building. He was in the cellar opposite the wall of Webster's basement. He had started to try to dig into the back of the chemist's privy which he had failed to get into otherwise. For several hours he pried bricks loose but it was a thick wall.

He worked on his sinister project most of the afternoon, using crowbar, chisel and hammer, he removed brick after brick and finally broke

through. He rested a moment and tried to get a light through the small hole to see what was inside the professor's privy chamber.

Water was running in the sink. The first thing his light fell on were parts of a human leg and a section of pelvis. He withdrew immediately, went out and notified the City Marshal.

The searching party from the police immediately went back with him, viewed the bits of body, got into the laboratory and investigated the furnace. Littlefield put in his hand and drew from the ashes a piece of charred bone.

Webster was seized at his home and arrested that night. He denied everything but gave himself away when he tried to commit suicide by swallowing a strychnine pill he had been carrying around. His effort failed. He still denied his guilt but after a long trial was convicted. Other bones were taken out of the sealed vault and part of the torso was found in a metal container in Webster's chambers.

At last the little chemist confessed.

He had not had the money to pay his threatening creditor and when Parkman had come to his laboratory that fatal afternoon, he had told him so. A fight ensued, during which Webster struck the philanthropist with a club and killed him.

The mild, generally meek, professor thereupon locked the doors of his laboratories, took the documents of debt from the dead man's pockets, dragged the body into his back room and undressed it. He burned the clothes in his furnace and set about dissecting the body with as little concern as if he were demonstrating before a class room. It was not easy to get rid of the pieces because his assay furnace was small and would not take large sections. Some parts he squeezed down the privy drain; others he stowed away in the sink under running water until he could attend to burning them later. The whole process had taken a week and he had not determined how to dispose of the parts that the janitor uncovered, nor of the heavy mass of the torso.

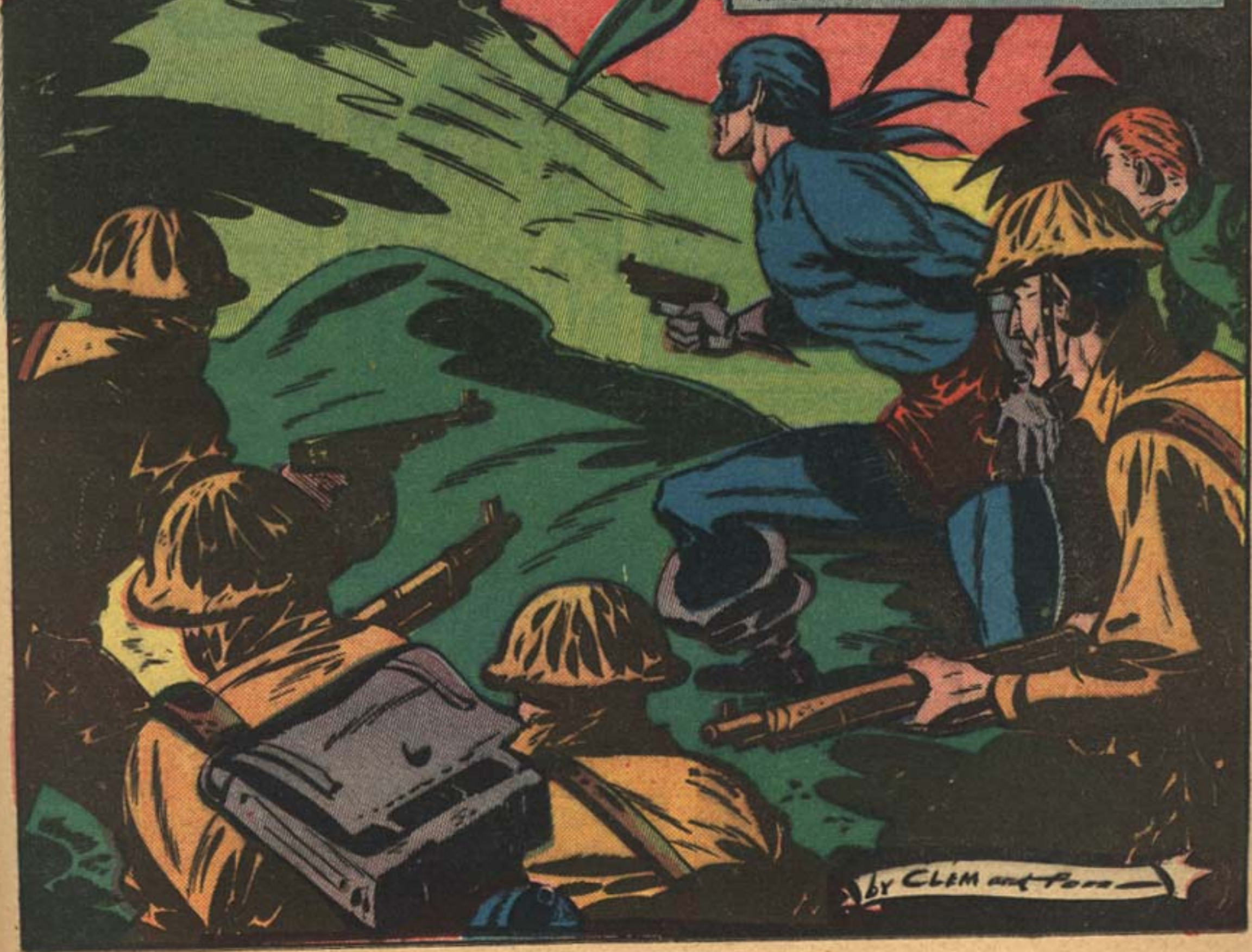
John Webster was hanged August 30th, 1850. To his death he denied that the affair had been premeditated. But there is one thing unsolved, the question of for what purpose he intended to use the pint of blood he sent Littlefield out to obtain the day before the murder. Webster never had any use for blood in his work. It has never been explained.

# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the  
**BOY  
SOLDIERS**

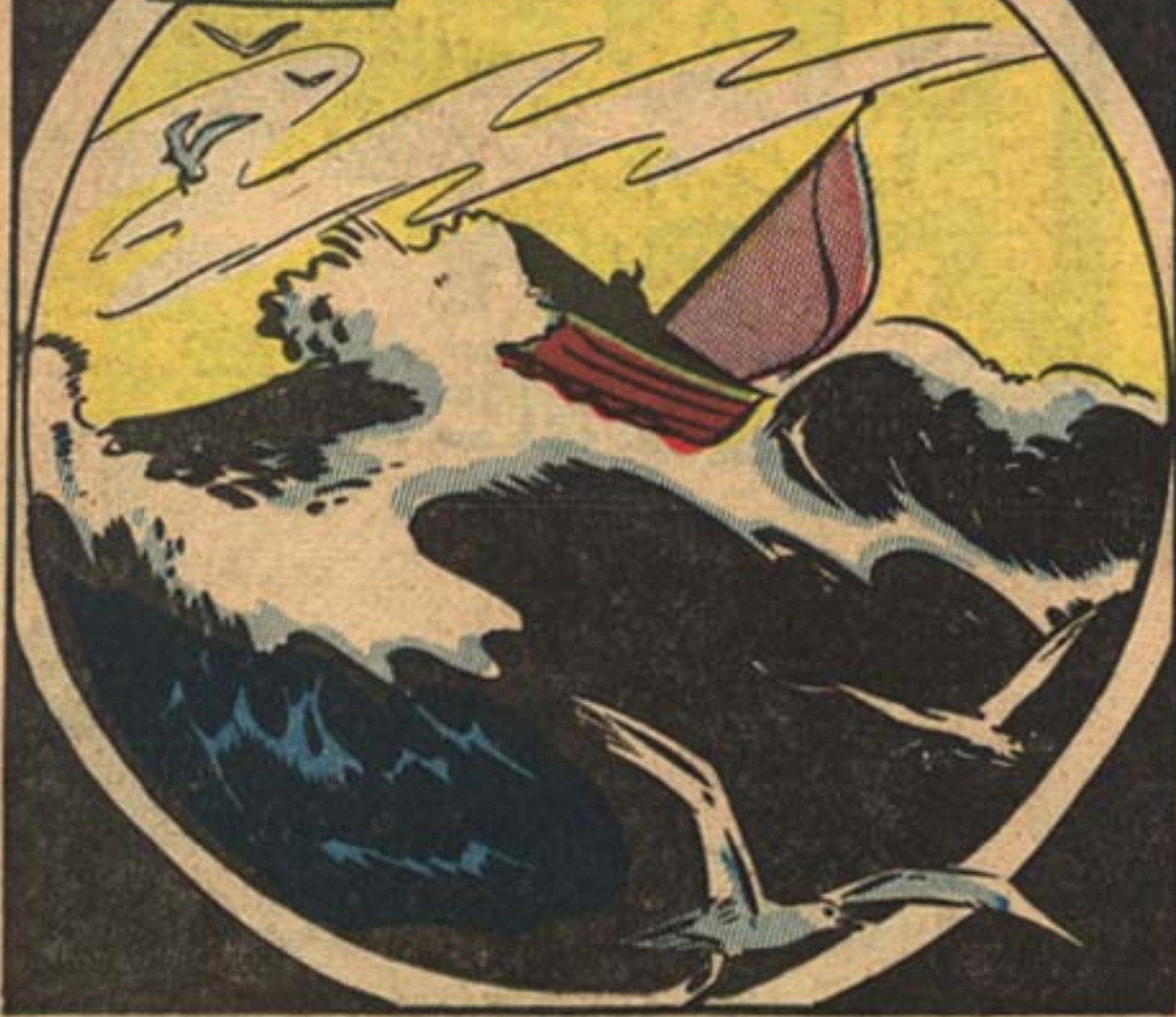
## COMMUNIQUE NO. 16

COMMANDO UNITS WILL ATTACK AND DESTROY JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS ON NJUBUTI. YOU CAN'T MISS YOUR OBJECTIVE. THE JAPS ARE QUARTERED IN THE ONLY HOUSE LEFT STANDING IN NJUBUTI. IT IS THE PLACE KNOWN AS "FREYLING'S FOLLY!"



by CLEM and Foss

OUR STORY BEGINS ON A DAY IN 1894,  
WHEN A SMALL SAILBOAT IS FIGHTING  
VAINLY FOR ITS LIFE AGAINST A  
SQUALL -



BUT THE SEA TRIUMPHS. THE BOAT AND ITS  
LONE WOMAN PASSENGER ARE LOST TOGETHER -



NEWS OF HIS WIFE'S DEATH IS BROUGHT TO THE  
WEALTHIEST PLANTER ON THE ISLAND, IN THE  
HOME HE HAD BUILT AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE.

I WON'T BELIEVE  
SHE'S DEAD!  
SHE'S COMING  
BACK!

THEY FOUND HER  
BODY ON THE  
BEACH THIS  
MORNING,  
MR. FREY-  
LING!



SHE'S NOT  
DEAD! ONE DAY  
SHE'LL COME BACK  
TO THIS HOUSE! AND  
I'LL BE WAITING  
FOR HER!



JOHANN FREYLING WAS  
TRUE TO HIS WORD.  
YEARS CAME AND WENT,  
BUT STILL HE WAITED IN  
HIS LONELY HOUSE FOR  
HIS BELOVED WIFE, RE-  
FUSING TO BELIEVE THAT  
SHE WAS GONE FROM HIM  
FOREVER -



IN 1941, JOHANN FREYLING WAS STILL WAIT-  
ING, IN THE MOSS-GROWN ANCIENT MANSION  
WHICH BECAME KNOWN AS FREYLING'S  
FOLLY -



AND THEN...





MR. FREYLING!  
OPEN THE DOOR,  
HURRY!



JAP PLANES ARE  
BOMBING THE  
ISLAND! GO TO A  
SHELTER AT  
ONCE!

I CAN'T  
LEAVE...  
NOW!



YOU'LL BE SAFE IN THE SHELTER!  
IF A BOMB HITS THE HOUSE  
YOU'LL BE KILLED!

I KNOW, BUT I  
MUST STAY  
HERE!



SUDDENLY A HEAVY BOMB  
CRASHES NEARBY-

I'M GETTING  
OUT OF  
HERE!



OLD FREYLING IS AS CRAZY AS A  
JUNE BUG! THE JAPS WILL BLOW  
HIM AND HIS HOUSE  
TO MATCHWOOD!

FREYLING'S FOLLY SURVIVED THE BOMBING  
RAID. UNSCATHED, IT STOOD ALONE AMID  
THE RUIN AND DESOLATION OF NJUBUTI-

UNDER COVER OF NIGHT THE JAP TROOPS LANDED  
AND STEADILY FOUGHT THEIR WAY TOWARD THE  
CENTER OF THE VILLAGE-



SPARE NO  
ONE! RAZE THE  
VILLAGE TO THE  
GROUND!



SEARCH THIS HOUSE! BEWARE OF MINE TRAPS!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE HERE!



YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY! YOU WILL NEED SOME PLACE FOR HEADQUARTERS!

IS SO!



THIS IS NOT SOME TRICK?

I MAKE ONLY ONE CONDITION! NOTHING IN THE HOUSE MUST BE TOUCHED! EVERYTHING MUST BE THE SAME WHEN MY WIFE RETURNS!



OLD FOOL!

THIS PLACE SHALL BE HEADQUARTERS! BUT WE JAPANESE DO NOT ACCEPT CONDITIONS FROM ANYONE! YOU SHALL DO AS WE SAY FOR WE ARE THE CONQUERORS!



SO FREYLING'S FOLLY BECAME THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE OCCUPATION FORCES OF THE ENEMY. STRANGE ACCENTS SOUNDED IN THE HALLS, AND THE FLOORS ECHOED TO THE TRAMP OF MILITARY BOOTS

OLD JOHANNY FREYLING PURSUED HIS MENIAL TASKS, DESPISED BY EVERYONE. BUT STILL STRANGELY CONTENT—



YOU STILL HAVE A PLACE TO COME HOME TO, EH? I'VE SEEN TO THAT! THIS IS STILL OUR HOME AND WE'LL BE HAPPY TOGETHER, WON'T WE, MARTHA?



**F**OR TWO YEARS JOHANN FREYLING SUFFERED AND WAITED. THE TIDE OF TREACHERY REACHED THE FLOOD, AND SLOWLY THE JAPANESE WERE DRIVEN BACK FROM THEIR ISLAND CONQUESTS. UNTIL NJUBUTI STOOD ALMOST ALONE-





SUDDENLY A DEADLY HAIL OF FIRE CUTS DOWN THE COMMANDOS ON THE BEACH-



BY GAR! DERE IS MACHINE GUN HIDDEN IN DOSE ROCKS!



JAN! COME BACK!



YELLOW HAIRD ONE HAS GRENADE! SHOOT QUICK!



YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO LATE!

BOOM



NICE WORK, JAN! THE JAPS ARE ROOSTING ON TOP OF THE CLIFF!

YAAH! LOOKIT ME! I'M A MOUNTAIN GOAT!



WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!



THEY'RE BARRICADED INSIDE THE HOUSE! WE'LL SMOKE THEM OUT!

CURSED COMMANDOS ARE EVERYWHERE!

YOU MUST SURRENDER!



NO HARM MUST COME TO THE HOUSE! IT BELONGS TO ME! I PROMISED TO KEEP IT SAFE FOR MARTHA!



STUPID ONE! GET OUT OF MY WAY!



WE WILL ABANDON THE HOUSE! SET FIRE TO IT BEFORE WE LEAVE!

YES, SIRE!



NO! NO, YOU MUSTN'T!



ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS!

OOOOH

BANG



MUSTN'T BURN.. THE HOUSE! MARTHA.. WOULDN'T- LIKE.. IT!







DERE'S AN OLE MAN IN DAT HOUSE! I SAW HIM AT DE WINDOW!

WHAT?



THERE IS SOMEONE!

MY LOVELY HOUSE... BURNING! I COULDN'T HELP IT, MARTHA!

TENSELY CAPTAIN COMMANDO WATCHES. AN INSTANT BEFORE THE FLAMES CLOSE IN, HE CATCHES A FINAL GLIMPSE OF OLD FREYLING

SUDDENLY TO THE AGE-DIMMED EYES OF THE OLD MAN THERE COMES A STRANGE VISION-



MARTHA!



MARTHA, DARLING! YOU'VE COME BACK! I'VE WAITED SO LONG!

WAIT!



GOOD LORD! IT CAN'T BE!



CAP! WE DEEDN'T THINK YOU'D EVAIR GET OUT!

HE WALKED STRAIGHT INTO THE FLAMES! I COULDN'T STOP HIM!

WHAT HAPPENED TO DE OLD MAN?

I'M SURE I SAW A WOMAN, JUST BEFORE THE FLAMES HID HIM FROM SIGHT! SHE LOOKED... ALMOST AS THOUGH SHE WERE WAITING FOR HIM TO COME TO HER! I WONDER WHO SHE COULD HAVE BEEN?



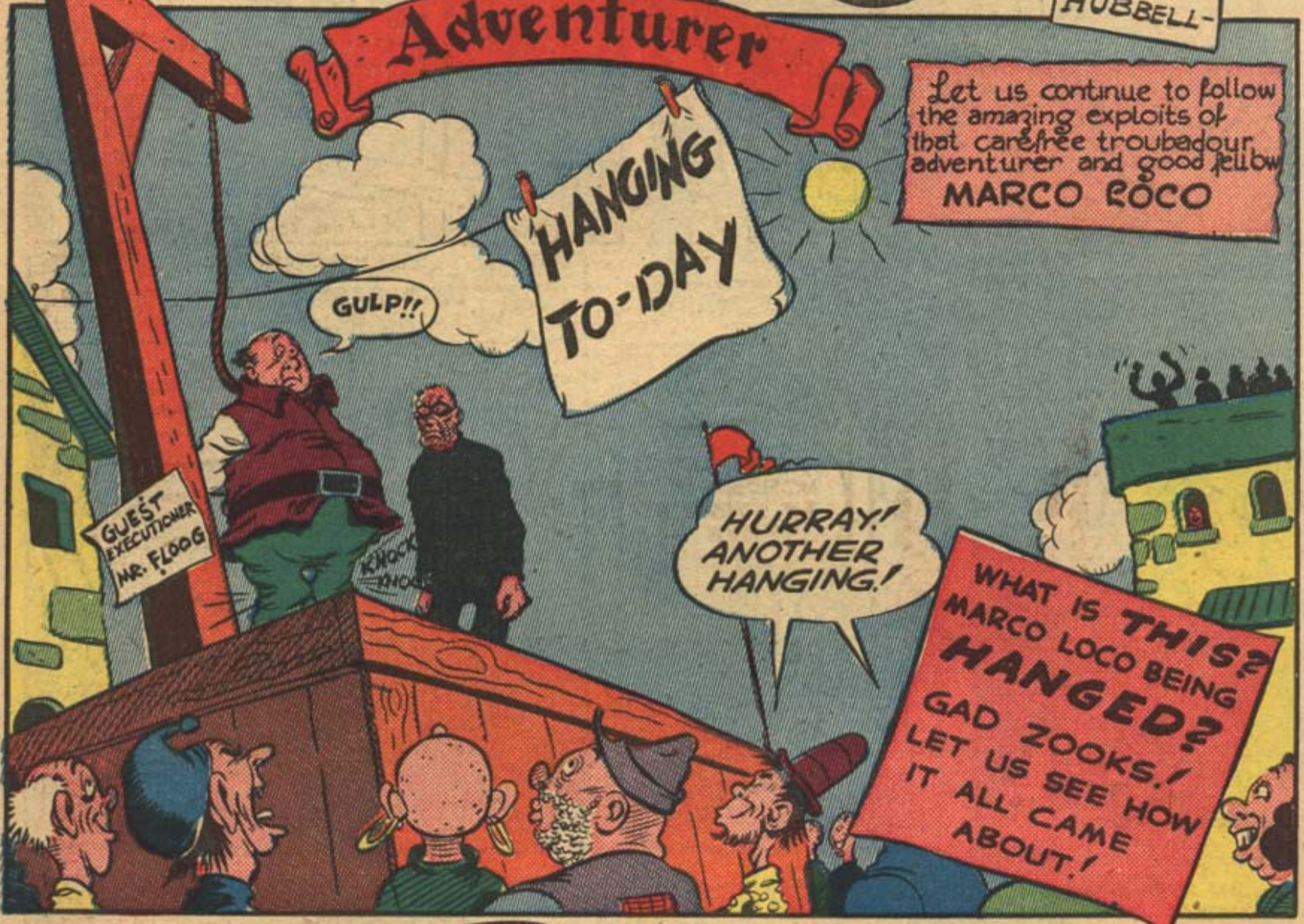
WHO WAS SHE? WE PREFER TO THINK WE KNOW THE ANSWER. AFTER FORTY ODD YEARS OF WAITING, JOHANN FREYLING DID FIND HIS LOVE AGAIN...

# MARCO LOCCO

BY  
CARL  
HUBBELL-

**Adventurer**

Let us continue to follow the amazing exploits of that carefree troubadour, adventurer and good fellow **MARCO LOCO**



THE SCENE... THE SHORES OF THE KINGDOM OF SLOMIA...

BEHOLD! THAT POOR SURVIVOR CRAWLING ASHORE!

WHAT'S WITH YOU, STRANGER? YOUR SHIP GO DOWN IN A GALE?



NAY! WE WERE PLUNDERED AND FOULLY SUNK BY **MARCO LOCO!**



FOUR DAYS LATER...

LAND AT LAST! WHO WOULD HAVE DREAMED THAT WE SHOULD SUFFER THUS AT THE BLOODY HANDS OF **MARCO LOCO?**



TWO DAYS LATER!

CURSE YOU, **MARCO LOCO!!**



WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO MARCO LOCO'S SHIP AS SHE PLOWS GRACEFULLY ALONG BEFORE A SPANKING BREEZE! HER CANVAS GLISTENING IN THE SUN!

SNOOCH! A DOUBLE RATION OF PLUM DUFF TO ALL HANDS! IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!



HERE WE HAVE THE SHIP'S ASTROLOGER, MERLIN, WHO, WHEN NOT BUSY WITH THE WEATHER, SNEAKS OFF...

...TO PERFECT WEIRD MYSTERIOUS FORMULAE!



WEATHER FORECAST  
GENERALLY FAIR  
CLOUDY  
TOMORROW



SO! I'LL MIX ALL THIS JUNK TOGETHER, AND...



..AT LAST I HAVE THE FORMULA FOR GOLD!

AH, NO! I HAVE FAILED AGAIN!



ON DECK... HAST NOTICED ALL THE WRECKAGE FLOATING AROUND LATELY, ZOG?

AY, I HAST! I WONDER IF THERE BE PIRATES IN THESE PARTS?



LOOK! ISN'T THAT A LIFEBOAT OFF TO LEEWARD?



SO IT IS! THROW THE POOR WRETCH A ROPE!



SURE! HERE SHE GOES!



GOT 'IM!

YOU'LL BE OKAY NOW, POP!

YOU HAVE RESCUED ME IN TIME, SIRS! ANOTHER DAY IN THE LIFEBOAT, AND I WOULD HAVE DIED!.... WHO IS YOUR CAPTAIN?

WHO, BUT THE GREAT MARCO LOCO!

M... MARCO LOCO??

EEEEEOOWWWWW

A FEW DAYS LATER TOWARD SUNDOWN...

EVENING, FLIM!

CAP'N LOCO! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

SMOKE SIGNALS!

YEP, THEY'RE DISTRESS SIGNALS, ALL RIGHT! LOWER A BOAT! WE'LL GO ASHORE AND INVESTIGATE!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

STRANGE! NOBODY HERE!

THEY MUST HAVE SEEN US!!

MAYBE THEY'RE BASHFUL! WE'LL LOOK AROUND! SING HIM OUT, FLIM!

AVAST! ANYONE HERE? YO... HO... ANYONE....

UG!

BANG!

I'M SHOT!







FLIM! WHERE'S MARCO?

HE'S BEEN SHANGHAIED!



- AND WHEN I COMES TO, I SEES THESE THREE RUFFIANS DRAGGING HIM OFF TO THEIR SHIP! I TELL YOU, IT'S CURTAINS FOR MARCO!



IN SLOMIA MARCO IS BEING GIVEN A FAIR AND JUST TRIAL!

IS THE DEFENDANT WITHOUT COUNSEL? THEN WE MAY PROCEED, PROSECUTOR..!

LOOK AT THIS VILE MONSTER! NOTICE THE SINISTER, FURTIVE CRUEL EXPRESSION! I DEMAND A VERDICT OF GUILTY!



JURY, WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT AGAINST THIS PIRATE.. ER, I MEAN THE DEFENDANT ? ? ?

GUILTY!

GUILTY!

ZZZZ HUH? SURE! GUILTY!

GUILTY!

HANG TH' BUM!

JURY



THE NEXT DAY, A MOTELY CROWD TURNS OUT TO WITNESS THE HANGING.

NICE DAY FOR IT, AIN'T IT?

ANY DAY IS A NICE DAY TO HANG THAT RAT!



.. SCAFFOLD BUILT BY BLOOP CONSTRUCTION CO... ROPE, THROUGH COURTESY OF GOGGINS' DRY GOODS STORE.. ETC... ETC...

DEANUTS! GET YER SOUVENIR PROGRAMS HERE!



AND NOW, WE BRING YOU THE FEATURE ATTRACTION! THE HANGING OF THAT DASTARDLY PIRATE, MARCO LOCO!

APPLAUSE!

HOORAY!

CLAP! CLAP!



YOU HAVE DONE SLOMIA A GREAT SERVICE, MR. PLOPP, IN BRINGING THIS WRETCH TO JUSTICE! I, PUSPOCKET X, AM GRATEFUL!

THANK YOU, YOUR MAJESTY!

NEXT PRIME MINISTER, THAT'S ME!



COME ON, HANG HIM!

YEAH, HURRY UP!

DON'T WASTE NO MORE TIME!

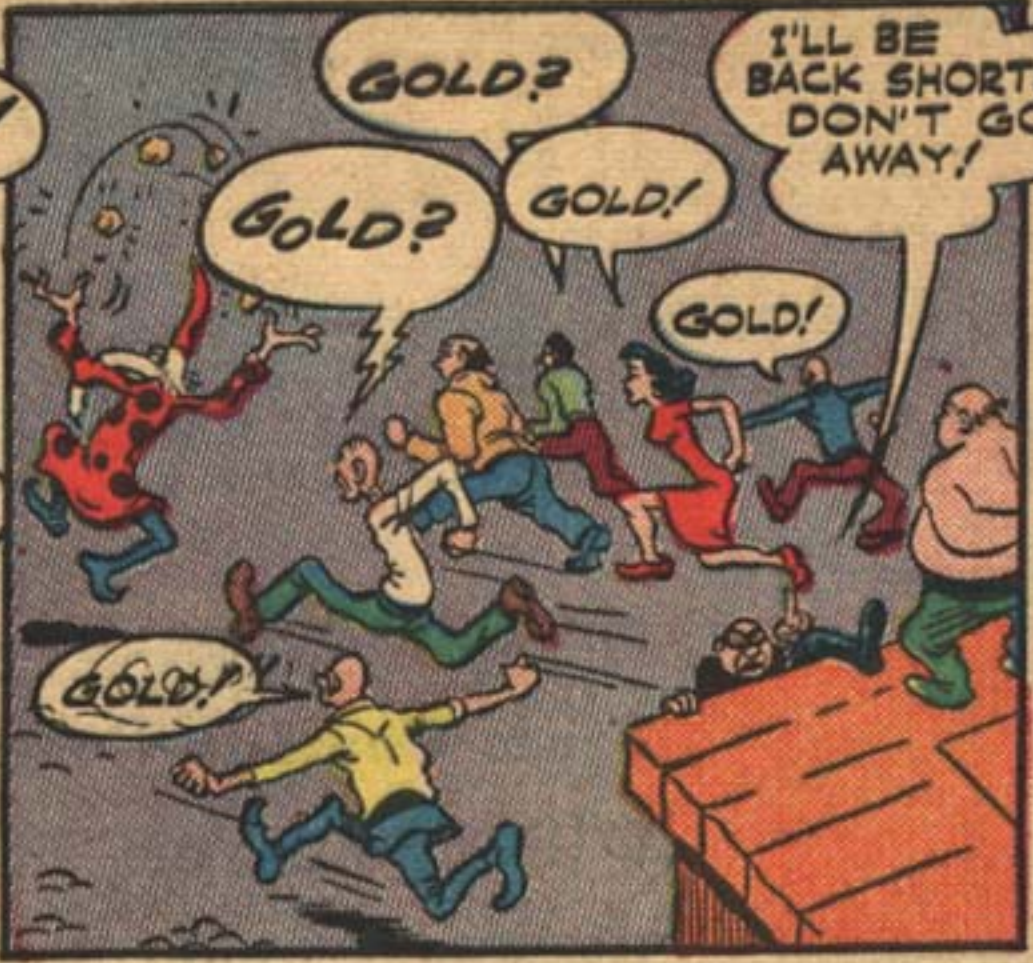


SUDDENLY, MERLIN DASHES THROUGH THE THROUNG!!

EUREKA!

LOOK!

I CAN MAKE GOLD!



GOLD?

GOLD?

GOLD!

GOLD!

GOLD!

I'LL BE BACK SHORTLY! DON'T GO AWAY!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



COURAGE, MARCO!

WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS MESS!

MY FAITHFUL CREW!



GET ME LOOSE! HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE!

CURSES! I'D BETTER LEAVE!



HAVE ME HUNG FOR PIRACY, WILL YOU, PLOPP? COME ON, NOW, ADMIT IT, WHO SANK ALL THOSE SHIPS?

ZOP!



UGH! STOP! I'LL CONFESS! I SANK THOSE SHIPS! I HAD A SHIP MADE UP SECRETLY JUST LIKE YOURS!



YOU HAVE DONE SLOMIA A GREAT SERVICE, MR. LOCO! I, PUSPOCKET X, AM GRATEFUL!

RISE, SIR MARCO!



LATER... BY THE WAY, MERLIN, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GOLD?

GOLD? NONSENSE! MY FILLINGS FELL INTO MY FORMULA !!

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**SEND NO MONEY... Mail Coupon... Test at Our Risk**

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HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM

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— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 302-G, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 302-G  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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